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JOHN BULL

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Trevor Bailey—he has one reason for playing games

In the Leeds Test Match in 1953, Trevor Bailey was doing all he could to avoid defeat for England by prolonging the second innings. His constant stops to survey the field were riling Keith Miller, the Australian all-rounder.

Furiously, Miller bowled a bumper. It struck Bailey on the hands—and gave him the opportunity to prolong the innings further: he stopped to massage his hands. Miller had to wait. Then, as the Australian ran up to the wicket to deliver the next ball, Bailey suddenly took off his batting gloves and again examined and massaged his hands. Fuming, Miller had no option but to wait until the batsman was ready. Trevor Bailey had made his point.

The incident illustrates Bailey's uncompromising attitude to cricket—win if you can: if you can't win, try to prevent the other side doing so. Bailey, the world's leading all-rounder in Test cricket today, has strong views about the modern demand for "brighter cricket." He discusses them in his article on page 8.

Bailey takes his cricket very seriously, but off the field he is relaxed and casual, with an eager interest in all that goes on in the world.

He used to play soccer and gained an Amateur Cup winner's medal with Walthamstow Avenue. In football he had the same attitude that he shows in cricket, summed up in his remark, "You only play games to win, don't you?" For Trevor Bailey there is no other way.

Although F. W. Holiday is a keen fisherman, he draws a cautious line at grampuses—killer whales—which inspired his story, *Emergency Call*, on page 16. He prefers salmon and trout. Killer whales are a familiar sight along the rugged Pembrokeshire coast, not far from Holiday's home. "I've never known them kill anyone," he says, "because they're not given the chance. Visitors like to watch them, but from a safe distance."

Frederick William Holiday was born thirty-six years ago in Stockport, Cheshire. Now he lives on his parents' farm at Hermon, a tiny village in the bleak Prescelly Mountains. He helps his father in the summer and all the time he's thinking up plots for the stories he writes in the winter.

Many of Holiday's stories—we published his first in 1953—are set in Wales, but if he chooses he can call on first-hand experiences in India, Iraq, Egypt, Greece and South Africa, gained from eleven years in the R.A.F.

So far, the R.A.F. has not figured in any of his hundred stories—"but it will one day." Holiday enjoyed his spell of service. He was on the ground staff, but there were frequent flights. He recalls one in particular, after being sent on detachment in wartime to unrationed Northern Ireland. "Our aircraft flew back after six weeks a good deal heavier than when they left," he says. "Our unofficial load included rabbits, nylons and a bicycle."

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for faces and places

East Farleigh, Kent

Free Speech

● **Is athletics a waste of time?**

● **The household with forty-seven clocks**

● **Victims of mis-dialling callers**

IF there is one spectacle which fills me with pity for mankind it's that of teams of athletes trying to see who can reach a piece of tape first to the accompaniment of outbursts of mass hysteria from the crowd.

These sportsmen devote hours of valuable time to developing muscles that are of no use to them in every-day life so that one of them can say in the end: "I ran the fastest of all."

But if our athletes claim that it is scientifically worth while to discover how fast a man can move under his own power they are going the wrong way about it. They strain themselves to breaking point trying to run in an ungainly upright posture on two legs when they could no doubt reach thirty miles an hour on all fours.—T. S., Chippenham, Wiltshire.

Time To Take Away

When I went to buy my son a gold watch for his twenty-first birthday I couldn't decide which of three to choose. The jeweller's assistant suggested that I should take them all home for my son to see and, much to my amazement, he refused my offer of a deposit. As the value of the

three watches totalled £50 I am wondering whether I have an unusually honest face.—ARTHUR GRIME, Kenilworth Square, Bolton, Lancashire.

"He must look like the Archangel Gabriel," says a jeweller. "I don't think many of us would take such a risk with complete strangers. The cleverest trickster I ever came across looked like a benevolent bishop."

Lords Of Creation

The craze for mechanical aids for which Mrs. P. H., of Manchester, condemns her menfolk ("Free Speech," July 13) is a natural outlet for the urge to create and accomplish something—and the satisfaction of it makes for peace and contentment in the home. Let a husband have his "toys" if he can afford them. The good wife will benefit in the long run.—MRS. S. A. B., Nottingham.

. . . Perhaps Mrs. P. H. will one day appreciate that all mechanical progress depends on the idle man with a taste for gadgets. Her husband is obviously a highly progressive type—and I would very much like to know how he manages to persuade his wife to let him buy all those machines.—DAVID FISHER, Oriel Road, Fulwood, Sheffield, 10.

Light Warnings

Last year 975 people met disaster on zebra crossings, one hundred of them were killed. Figures for such accidents have been rising steadily since 1954 and it's time that steps were taken to halt this alarming trend.

Surely motor manufacturers could install brake-warning lights at the front of vehicles as well as the rear. Pedestrians poised uncertainly on the kerb would then know whether or not an approaching motorist was braking to allow them to cross. — M. W. BATCHELOR, Sheffield, 6.

Rule Of Three

I have tried without success to find out whether the learner-driver of a three-wheeler car has to be supervised by a qualified driver or whether some three-wheelers are treated as solo motor-cycles.—L. H. GRAVES, James Street, Markham, Monmouthshire.

"Drivers of solo motor-cycles and invalid carriages are the only learners who don't have to be accompanied by qualified drivers," says the Ministry of Transport. "This ruling, which comes back into force on October 1, covers all other vehicles. Motor-cycle combinations and three-wheelers with tandem seating are not exceptions."

Miracle Cures

One day I would like to enter the surgery and say to my dozen or so patients: "That unpleasant supervisor at the motor works is dismissed; a national holiday is arranged for all housewives with children under school age or sharing a kitchen with in-laws, and the cricket match for this afternoon is cancelled." Eight patients would then get up and go, having been miraculously cured of headaches, backaches, bad legs and skin rashes, leaving me to give all my time and skill to the three or four who need a doctor more than a cross between a psychologist and father-confessor.—DOCTOR, Yorkshire.

Time To Dust?

Time goes with a swing in our home. We have forty-seven clocks, thirty-eight of which are grandfather clocks. Some are musical, some chime, some are comical and all are in working

order. We have eleven in the living-room like a row of soldiers standing to attention. My husband wants seventy clocks—one for each year of his life. So it looks as though the bedroom will soon be full.

Home isn't the same without the tick of a grandfather clock—but sometimes they seem to be rocking and rolling.—MRS. ADA BROMLEY, Tavern House, Belper, Derbyshire.

Day Of The Specialist

J. Dixon, of Durham, is wrong to say that he "hardly needs French in order to become a scientist" ("Free Speech," July 6). We are entering an era of over-specialization and one of the common mistakes is to believe that anything not closely related to the specialist's own interests is of no consequence in his work.

When Mr. Dixon graduates he will have to study countless articles and papers in foreign languages to keep abreast of the work of others. We who control groups of graduates in industry find that all too few have linguistic ability, and this was recently illustrated in my own department when not one of fifteen graduates could translate a paper in German. It would be better if the universities required two or more foreign languages for entrance to science courses instead of only one.—J. D. G., Hertfordshire.

. . . If J. Dixon is studying science he should learn German, which is the natural second language to English, itself of Teutonic origin.

French is useless, but there seems to be a fetish—or is it a vested interest?—in teaching it to English children. The practice is a hundred or more years out of date.—C. S. SMITH, Woodford Green, Essex.

Planting Fears

Why do so many otherwise intelligent adults behave so stupidly when dealing with children under five?

It hadn't occurred to our three-year-old son to be jealous of his baby sister until a foolish woman who should have known better said: "You'll have to take second place *now*, won't you, dear?" It took us a week of careful handling to counter the effect of that remark.

And a friend's child won't sleep now without a nightlight because an idiot of a visitor said: "I'll bet a brave little girl like you isn't afraid of the dark." It doesn't need any knowledge of psychology to avoid this sort of thing—just a little common sense.—R. B., Norwich.

Pigeon Parade

I often wonder why so many pigeons settle in the major cities of Britain and the Continent regardless of the traffic and noise. Perhaps the only reason is that people feed these intelligent but destructive birds.—MRS. L. M. CORMACK, Princes Road, Hull.

"Most city pigeons are the descendants of tame birds which have escaped," says an ornithologist. "Wood pigeons which have joined them can be identified by the white markings rounds their necks. They thrive because food is abundant and pigeons seem as resistant to disease as they are wary of enemies."

Lawful Loopholes

I was horrified to learn that if a negligent motorist fails to notify his insurance company of an accident within the stipulated period his omission enables the company to wash its hands of the whole business ("Can you afford justice?" JOHN BULL, July 13).

This appears to nullify the whole object of compulsory third party insurance, which is to protect injured people who would otherwise fail to recover damages from offending motorists who can't pay.

It seems all wrong that the offender, by just doing nothing, can defeat the law and protect his insurance company, which encourages him in this by giving a no-claim bonus.—JOHN WYETT, Godalming, Surrey.

"Insurance companies have to pay third party damages to the injured anyway," says the Motor Insurers' Bureau, "but if their client has failed to tell them about the accident they are entitled to recover the money from him—and they are not obliged to pay for damage to vehicles or property."

Calls Without Number

We soon had good reason to know that our telephone number was sandwiched between those of a hospital and a local park.

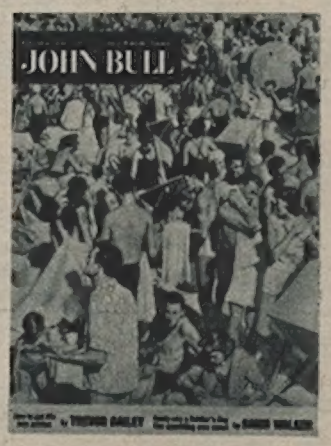
Almost immediately we were expected to supply on demand up-to-the-minute information about patients' health and the state of the bowling green as well as take tennis bookings and arrange for admissions to wards.

We took all this in good part—but were a little more outspoken to the ardent golfer who kept telephoning before 8 a.m. one rainy Sunday morning. He wanted to know whether play would be possible.—F. NASH, Kent.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

HE planned the route so carefully, too. Sharp right ten paces beyond the family with the gramophone; left past the girl with the white-striped shoulders. But the kaleidoscope turned as he queued at the kiosk and the pattern of people has changed. So now he is lost in a desert of backs which range from nut brown to pink and peeling. But where in the world outside Britain could that beach shirt be noticeable enough to flash so powerful an S O S? And where else, asks cover artist Laurent, could they sell hot tea on such sun-smitten sands?



Perhaps it wasn't good business. But friendship meant more to Janet than . . .

A seat on the board

by N. J. CRISP

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

ALVERTON was leaning back comfortably in his chair, but otherwise he might have been making a speech. "I have never appointed a younger director to my board," he was saying. "From the time. . . ."

Geoffrey Harding, his head bowed, was watching the smoke curl up from the end of his cigarette. Cups and glasses, the remnants of the meal, were scattered on the table.

Alverton was still talking. Geoffrey took another sip of liqueur, and caught his wife's eye. Janet smiled proudly. She looked happy.

"Were it a fact," Alverton said, "that executive directors are only appointed after severe scrutiny of their wives, Geoffrey would have nothing to fear. This beautiful and charming young woman who has honoured me by sitting beside me today. . . ."

Janet's eyes were sparkling, and she flushed. The old boy had probably rehearsed all this, Geoffrey thought, but if it pleases him, why not? The whole thing had something of the other-worldly air of a Christmas party composed of affectionate relatives—with the possible exception that Swayne wasn't in the same mood. From the corner of his eye Geoffrey could see Swayne sitting, expressionless, his eyes fixed patiently upon the chairman's lips.

"This is an informal occasion, so I am not going to propose a toast," Alverton said. "Young Mr. Harding, as our older managers will no doubt call him, has had a spectacular career with the company. I feel certain that his most significant contribution is yet to come." He beamed around him.

Swayne said unexpectedly: "Hear, hear." Geoffrey was disconcerted. He had never got on with Swayne, had no reason to suspect anything but mutual distrust and dislike.

He glanced at Swayne. Swayne stared back at him, his eyes utterly cold. There was

Janet smiled at Barney and asked: "Where's Olive?" He looked uncomfortable. "She couldn't come," he replied

John Heseltine

silence round the table, and Geoffrey suddenly realized that he was expected to say something. He put down his cigarette and folded his arms.

"I regard my appointment as a challenge. I shall try to be worthy of it," he said briefly. He picked up his cigarette again, and Alverton burst out laughing.

"What a prettily implied rebuke to the Old Man and his monologue!" he rumbled "All right, rostrums away for the day. I'll let somebody else talk now."

He demonstrated his intention by turning his head and engaging Janet in conversation. Swayne said quietly to Geoffrey: "Has he told you the set-up yet?"

"Not exactly."

"Typical! He'll do it just before we leave."

Alverton looked at his watch and said: "Heavens, I've got a plane to catch in five hours. You must forgive me, Mrs. Harding. . . ."

Outside, his car drew up. The chauffeur got out and stood with his hand on the door handle.

Alverton turned to Geoffrey. He said: "It's perhaps a good thing that I am going to be away for six weeks. You'll have to jump in the deep end and swim on your own. You've got a tough job—overall responsibility for all the southern branches. Things are far from satisfactory. Swayne has got the outline. Talk it over with him. Then you're on your own. I'm expecting big things from this American trip of mine," he said quietly. "I might even need you there if. . . ." He smiled.

"Goodbye, sir. Have a good trip," Geoffrey said. He watched the big car pull away.

Swayne's voice said: "There's not much of the afternoon left, but I'd like to see you for a few minutes."

"I'll do some shopping," Janet said quickly.

"It's not necessary," Geoffrey said, asserting his new rights. "We shan't be long. You can wait in my office, and we'll go together."

Swayne said: "If you've got something more important to do——"

"No. We're just meeting some friends for a drink later on."

Swayne compressed his lips.

IN his office, Swayne propped himself on the window-sill. He said: "You and I may as well understand each other. I expect you know that your election to the board was not unanimous?"

Geoffrey nodded briefly. "I heard something of the sort."

"The grape-vine. Typists' gossip," Swayne said contemptuously. "Wonderful how accurate it can be."

"As it came to me," Geoffrey said calmly, "you were the prime objector."

"Quite right. I maintained that a good manager is unlikely to be a good director, that he would be too closely associated with ex-colleagues to do the tough and sometimes brutal things that are necessary. I was overruled—to some extent."

"To some extent?"

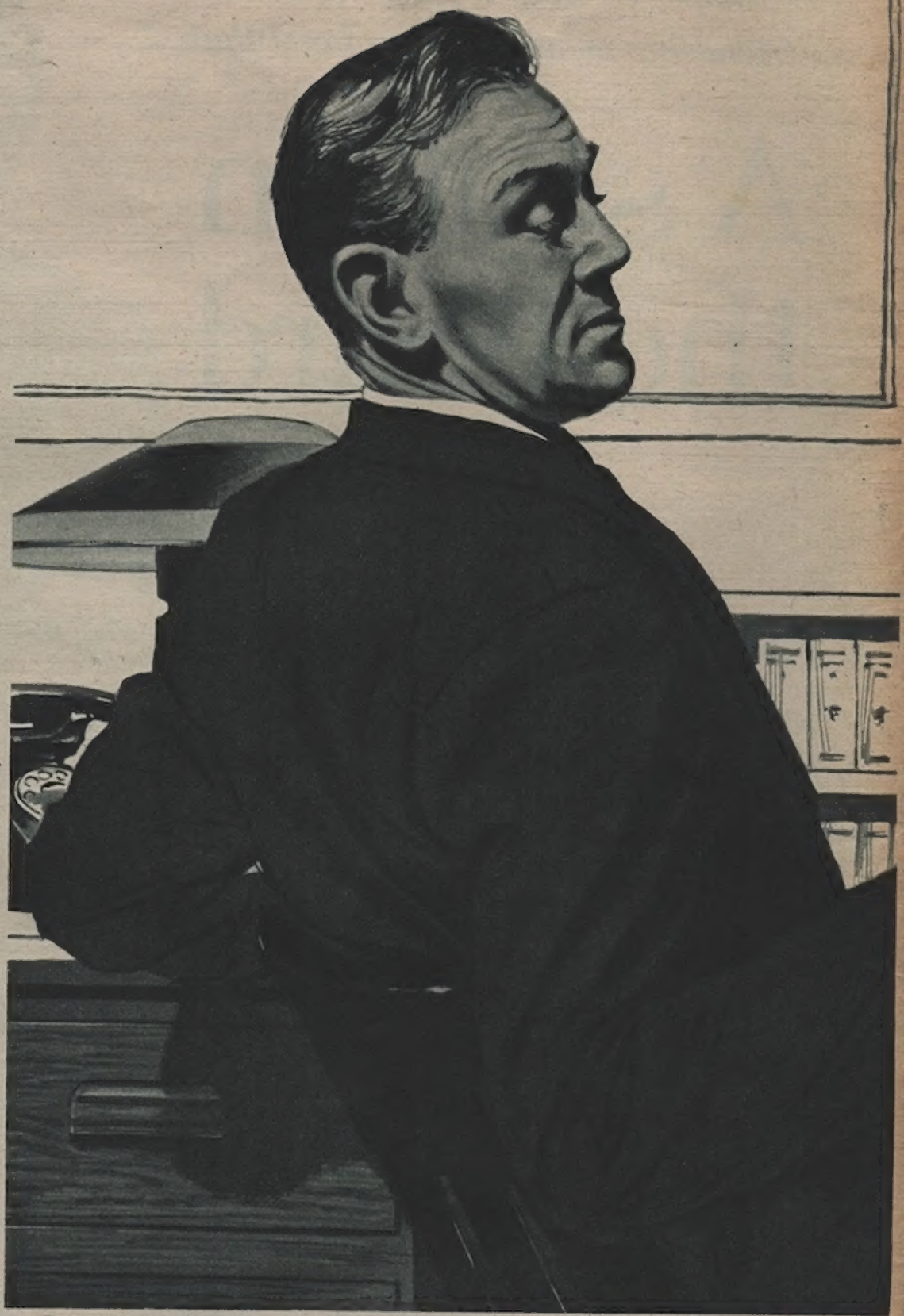
"Then Alverton didn't tell you that your appointment is provisional only?"

Geoffrey tried to prevent the jolt that the words gave him from showing on his face. A provisional appointment meant that the possibility of failure was envisaged.

"Depending on what?" he asked.

Swayne picked up a pencil, walked over to the wall map, and drew a sweeping line across it. "You are responsible for all the branches south of that line," he said. "Development there is slow, slower than it ought to be. There's an assorted bunch of managers, all of whom you know. You bully, harass, drive, cajole, plead, or do what the hell you like. But you put it right."

He threw the pencil on to the desk. "Alverton has left some notes." He glanced at his watch with careful irony. "But in view of your hurry to get away, I won't trouble you with them today. Tomorrow morning, though, if you please."



Barney dropped the forms into the wastepaper basket. Geoffrey wanted to shout: "What's

Geoffrey said: "Where do you stand?"

"I'm indifferent. I simply don't think you've got it in you."

Geoffrey forgot his resolution not to be needled. "It's harder to get up from the bottom than to inherit it from your father," he said violently.

"Possibly. But those of us who were born to power handle it better, don't you think?"

Geoffrey bit back the words that sprang to his lips. This was ridiculous. He had to work with Swayne. "I'll see you tomorrow," he said.

Even his gleaming new office failed to give him pleasure, and he hustled Janet outside. She said: "I don't think I like Mr. Swayne."

"Nor do I." Geoffrey struggled to be objective. "But he's a good administrator, even if he is ruthless. And we might as well face it. While Alverton is away, I've got to please Swayne."

"I still don't like him."

"Where are we meeting Barney and Olive?" Geoffrey asked, anxious to change the subject.

"At the Ascot Grill. They're going on to a theatre afterwards."

Geoffrey was at the bar ordering their drink when Barney Ferguson strode in. His face split into a smile, and he pumped Geoffrey's hand vigorously.

"Congratulations!" Barney exclaimed. "I heard about it officially today. You thoroughly deserve it."

"Thanks. Did you know that I've got to look after the southern branches? That means yours."

"It'll make a nice change from having Swayne round my neck." Barney made a face. "That

got into you?" But he said: "As one old friend to another, give it a trial. Please"

man damn near lived at my office. Here, I'll give you a hand with the drinks."

At the table, Janet smiled at Barney, and said: "Where's Olive?"

"She's not too good," Barney said uncomfortably, not meeting her eyes. "She couldn't come. Sent her best wishes."

"Not falling out, you two?" asked Geoffrey, jokingly. He was astonished to receive a flaming glare from Janet. "I'll fetch another round," he said in confusion. "Then we can talk properly."

Geoffrey returned to the bar, and from there watched Janet and Barney, their heads close together, Barney talking, explaining something.

He wondered what on earth was going on. As he drew near to the table again, he could hear Barney saying rapidly: "Of course, I'm much older than Olive. I expect that's most of the trouble. . . ."

Janet looked up, saw Geoffrey, and said: "Perhaps I could come down and see her."

"I wish you would," Barney said. "She's always been fond of you."

Geoffrey lifted his glass, feeling out of it. Barney looked at his watch, and said: "I can't stay very long." He grinned at Geoffrey in a brief return to his old self. "I couldn't pass up the opportunity of having a drink with my new director and my old protégé."

"You shouldn't have come all this way."

"I had to come up to town in any case."

Afterwards, when they were alone, Geoffrey said: "What was all that in aid of?"

Janet shook her head thoughtfully. "I don't know. Barney said a great deal without telling very much. There's something wrong between Barney and Olive. I don't think Barney really knows what. . . ."

Geoffrey had been seated at his desk for about half a minute the following morning when his telephone buzzed. Swayne's cold voice said: "Are you available?"

"Yes."

"Right away, then."

Swayne had it all beautifully laid out—outlines, summaries, graphs, tables. He went through it coldly and dispassionately. Finally, he went to his wall map and pushed his finger against it. "And the root of the trouble is there."

"That's the Kent branch."

"Yes."

"But Barney Ferguson is the manager there."

"I'm afraid I am not on christian name terms with Ferguson," said Swayne. "Look at his figures. Turnover falling. New business virtually nil."

Bending forward, Geoffrey looked over the figures again and frowned. "It's only the last few months; before that he was doing well."

"When a manager starts on the downgrade, he cracks fast."

"Barney is one of the most senior managers."

"That is why, precisely, I called him the key to the problem. If he does not lead, who will?"

GEOFFREY stared at the figures, willing himself to see through them to the solution. "I'll look into it," he said at last.

"Rather more than that will be necessary." Swayne opened a drawer, drew out a folder, and tossed it across the desk. "Alverton roughed out a scheme to be put into operation at underquota branches. I would suggest that Ferguson qualifies admirably."

Geoffrey stared at the printed sheets with growing distaste. "Do you seriously expect a man who's been with the company twenty-five years to fill out this"—he waved his hand at the offending papers—"this insulting rubbish?"

Swayne said: "It merely means making a daily report."

"Merely! Barney isn't a doubtful salesman on trial. He's a senior executive."

"And at present a singularly inefficient one," snapped Swayne. "Managers have considerable licence, provided they produce results. Ferguson is a negative quantity. We have the right to know why."

"When I first joined the company, I trained under Barney Ferguson," Geoffrey murmured. "He was my best man when I was married. I can't—" He stopped, teeth set, as he caught sight of the sneer on Swayne's face.

Swayne said: "I hardly need to tell you that you are reacting in exactly the way that I anticipated. Consideration for staff is all very well; it doesn't do to become identified with them."

"There must be another way," Geoffrey said. He picked up the folder. "Can I take these?"

"Yes. Printing Department are running off some more."

Geoffrey studied Barney Ferguson's reports for the next four weeks with increasing anxiety. They showed no improvement.

He asked Janet about her visit. She said: "Olive looks ill. I'm worried about her."

"Did you see Barney?"

"No, he was out. I think Olive was glad to see me, but we only talked small talk. I asked her once if there was any trouble. She said: 'Of course not. What makes you say that?' She looked almost frightened."

"It's a pity you didn't see Barney. I think it may be affecting his work."

At the end of the month, Swayne dropped into Geoffrey's office. He said: "I gather you haven't done anything about Ferguson yet. His results are terrible. Alverton will be back soon, you know. I think he will want a little action."

The next day Geoffrey drove down to Canterbury. With every passing mile he liked the forthcoming interview a bit less. He parked his

Continued on page 29

Part of the Lancashire crowd at Old Trafford. Most people watch on Saturday, when one side tries to build up a score. So the biggest crowd may well see the least attractive play

Can we put

Big hitting isn't always things up. Better still—

Compton, one of the most scintillating stroke-players of all time. He is convinced that making runs usually takes much longer now than when he was first selected for England, because of the heavy accent on defensive bowling immediately a batsman becomes set. Common tactics today are to make an all-out attack on the batsman when he comes to the crease, but, immediately he starts to take a toll of the bowling, to push back the fielders and more or less say to him: "If you want runs, you must come and get them." The luxury of attacking fielders is no longer granted to the bowler. This may well mean that wickets take longer to procure, but it also ensures that run-scoring becomes more difficult.

Last winter the M.C.C. set up a sub-committee to inquire into the state of county cricket, and some of its suggestions are being used experimentally this summer. Fortunately, the revolutionary idea of limiting the first innings to eighty-five overs was turned down, but the farce of two bonus points for scoring more quickly in the first innings has been adopted.

The folly of these bonus points has already been exposed.

Here are two examples. Suppose Yorkshire score four hundred runs against Essex at an average rate of 3.2 runs per over on the first day. The wicket deteriorates, but Essex struggle hard and make 270 runs at an average rate of 2.5 runs an over. Yorkshire eventually win the match and are awarded 14 points. But if Essex had decided to surrender without a fight, and had been dismissed for seventy runs at an average of 3.3 per over, Yorkshire might have won the match by an innings yet would have been awarded only 12 points.

Again, suppose Surrey bat first against Middlesex and score 350 runs at 3.42 runs per over. Middlesex pass the Surrey score, but their rate of scoring is only 3.21. The Middlesex captain must delay his declaration, if he wants those bonus points, until the Surrey scoring rate has been overtaken.

Mathematical calculators have not yet been issued to county captains, but I do feel that there is no place for decimal points in a scoring system which is already too involved. And the teams which will benefit most from these bonus

WHENEVER I hear talk of brighter cricket, I recall a Sunday benefit match in which the opposition bowling could be termed friendly, and we had an almost representative Essex side. Our innings began just after two o'clock and we were all out by a quarter to five, but in that period the batsmen had hit 420 runs—considerably more than is normally made in a whole day of a first-class cricket match.

The attitude of the spectators was interesting. At first the stream of boundaries, flowing fours and soaring sixes, was greeted with great applause. But, as the score mounted, the applause grew less. In the last half-hour, a towering six into the pavilion brought only the odd handclap. The spectators had become satiated by the continual flow of scoring strokes.

Again, in 1948, Essex was the only county side to dismiss the all-conquering Australian touring team in a day. But what a day! In that time the Australians piled on 721 runs, and even the batsmen became sickened by the run-getting orgy.

Brighter cricket is interesting cricket, and the scoring rate is not the all-important factor. Indeed, rapid scoring can be almost as boring as slow batting. The most fascinating matches are those with a changing pattern—one side appears to be in a match-winning position only to find the situation reversed by an inspired spell of bowling or a masterful innings.

In games such as these, time is sometimes more important than runs. A few years ago Essex were playing Yorkshire and when our last player walked to the wicket there were thirty minutes left for play, with Essex still some seventy short of the Yorkshire total. Amid considerable excitement the last pair managed to hold out against the pace and wiles of the north country bowlers—and hardly a run was scored. I do not know whether this could be termed "brighter cricket" but it certainly was interesting. Some of the Essex side could not bear to watch, and the captain, Doug Insole, paced the dressing-room like a condemned prisoner awaiting the result of his appeal.

Slow and defensive cricket can be both vital to the outcome of the match and of absorbing interest to players and spectators alike. A classic example of this was the Lord's Test against the Australians in 1953, when I had the good fortune to share in a long, slow stand with Willie Watson. I was told afterwards that a Scottish Rugby international became so intrigued with the situation that he was unaware until the last ball had been bowled that his pint of beer, ordered early in the afternoon, had been knocked over.

It is true that the general rate of scoring is much slower today, and the prime reason is to be found in the evolution of the game itself. Fifty years ago, the present Olympic records would not have been believed possible; golf played with the precision of Ben Hogan was unknown. Cricket has evolved, too, and fast scoring becomes difficult when the bowling is good. It becomes even harder when thwarted by a well-placed defensive field. Even the great players of the past would have found run-gathering today much more difficult.

I had a long chat about this with Denis

In 1948 Bradman lashed 187 out of 721 made in one day when the Australians beat Essex. Below: A last-ditch dead-bat stand by Bailey (right) and W. Watson in the 1953 second Test enabled England to force a thrilling draw

new life into cricket?

exciting. Four stumps and fewer games might liven

why not just leave the laws alone?

by TREVOR BAILEY

points are not necessarily the fast-scoring sides, but those with strong bowling attacks.

Another innovation is that it is now illegal to have more than five men on the leg side, and not more than two must be behind the batting crease. Unfortunately, this means that the bowler who is attacking is automatically handicapped. A fast bowler with the new ball wants at least two men behind the bat on the leg side, as well as a deep fine leg. That is now forbidden, and the Carmody field, one of the most aggressive in cricket, with eight men spread fanwise behind the bat, is no longer permitted.

On a turning wicket an off-spinner often does not need more than three men on the off, but now he must have four. I remember when Bob Appleyard, of Yorkshire, bowled out Essex at Bradford. In that match he had only two men on the off.

I am against these innovations, particularly the one limiting the number of leg-side fielders. The captain should be able to place his fielders where he wishes.

There are some people who feel that by merely returning to the old l.b.w. rule we should once again see flowing cover strokes. I cannot agree. It would encourage negative bad play, and an in-swing and off-break bowler with any ability would make certain that he never bowled outside the off-stump. It would also lead to even more leg-stump attackers. The only way, I believe, that a return to the old l.b.w. rule could conceivably be made an advantage would be to increase the number of stumps to four, and thus encourage the leg-spinner. But on principle I am against tampering with the fundamental rules.

We cannot blame the bowler for making the batsman's job harder, even though it must automatically lead to slower scoring. After all, the bowler is expected to do two things—dismiss the opposing batsmen and make sure that they score as few runs as possible. On occasions, the latter can be the more important task.

I remember a match in 1955, when Sussex needed some sixty-odd runs in thirty minutes to beat Essex on a good wicket. We obviously had no chance of bowling them out in time but eventually, despite some gallant hitting, we managed to stop them winning. A draw is an integral part of cricket and once victory becomes impossible it is up to the players to do all they can to deny victory to the opposition.

Emphasis on the importance of winning causes much of the slow play. There is an old sporting maxim that a winning side will always draw the crowds, and it is natural for supporters to want their side to win. But the sad fact is that the most attractive play is not always the most effective.

In 1955, Hampshire finished third in the championship table, the highest position they have ever occupied. Not unnaturally their supporters were delighted and gates were good. But with the outstanding exception of the West Indian player, Roy Marshall, their batting was pedestrian rather than dashing, and their bowling effective rather than exciting.

Just as a winning team will always pull in the crowds so, too, will certain personalities. In days gone by, the news that the immortal W. G. Grace was batting at Lord's was enough to send a galloping procession of hansom cabs from all quarters of the city converging on the ground. In more recent times, everybody wanted to watch Bradman. In Australia, the drawing power of the little man, who recorded a century every third time he went to the wicket, was such that many times his dismissal was the signal for large numbers to leave the ground—a depressing prospect for those still to bat, and an unhealthy sign. The game should always be more important than the player.

A COMMON cry is: "Where are the personalities of today?" There are plenty. They called Johnny Wardle the "Uncrowned Duke of Antigua" when the M.C.C. played a not too serious match in that delightful West Indian Island. The native population had never seen anyone like Johnny, whose clever clowning kept the crowd laughing. I shall always treasure the memory of how he caught out some unhappy batsman, swiftly secreting the ball in his pocket, and then starting to look for it as though he had dropped the catch.

He deceived everybody, including the batsman, who started to walk towards the pavilion and then rushed back to his crease. With the perfect timing of a genuine comic Johnny produced the ball from his pocket.

One of the reasons for Johnny's success as a cricketing comic is that he never overdoes his acts, and never lets them interfere with the game, which he takes as seriously as any other Yorkshireman.

Because of the importance of winning, a Test match captain will seldom take a gamble if it might cost him the match. Last summer, Peter May was criticized for not declaring earlier at the Oval. As things turned out, if he had done so England might well have won the match. However, had the Australians swung the bat and had luck been with them they also could have won—although they had been outplayed. In that event, they would have tied the series. May was rightly unwilling to jeopardize England's chances of winning the series for the possibility of winning that match.

The ideal wicket for a three-day match is fast and not absolutely plumb. If the wicket is plumb, it is unlikely that two evenly matched sides will finish a match in three days without the aid of artificial declarations. Counties have gone out of their way to provide pitches that will produce results, and more matches are being finished today than ever before. But is this what the crowds want?

It has been often said that we play too much first-class cricket. I agree. Even the keenest cricketer must become slightly jaded by mid-August if he is playing six, and sometimes seven, days a week. When I was at school I regarded a wet cricket day as closely akin to calamity. But now I look upon rain as a welcome opportunity to rest from cricket.

The most obvious solution is for counties to play only one game a week, on Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays. The crowds able to attend on Sunday should compensate for missing the mid-week gates. Another solution would be to play single-innings, two-day games and have two matches a week.

But it is the quality of the captaincy and the way in which each match is approached, rather than any legalisation which will make cricket dull or exciting. Cricket is a great game. For those who are not prepared to accept it as it is, the best thing is to turn to another sport. It is asking too much to expect non-stop thrills. No players or spectators could endure ceaseless excitement in a game which sometimes lasts for six days.

THE END

McMullen (left) often calls on shopkeepers. They help him with new ideas for local views for his picture postcards

To get a perfect picture for his postcards, Kenneth McMullen climbs roofs and risks drowning when . . .

He sets your holiday scene

by FRANCIS HITCHING

LOOKING out from the beach at Combe Martin, North Devon, on a cloudy summer afternoon recently, Kenneth McMullen saw a patch of pale blue sky moving slowly from the horizon towards the shore. As senior photographer for a firm of postcard producers, he had to capture the village in its prettiest mood, with sunshine glinting across the water towards the cliffs which surround the houses. After three days of grey skies, the blue patch would give him the sunlight he needed.

He carried his camera towards some rocks jutting above the sand at the level of low tide. From there he had a panoramic view of the village. He sat down and waited for the sun to appear. But as the clouds moved across, the tide came in. "It was a toss-up whether I should be marooned before the sun came out for my photograph," McMullen says.

After half an hour he was surrounded by water. Thinking that he had fallen asleep, holidaymakers on the beach shouted and waved at him. McMullen waved back reassuringly, and stayed put. After an hour the sun finally came out. He took his picture. Then, stringing his shoes round his neck and holding his camera above his head, he waded back, the water in the deeper channels reaching well above his waist. "My clothes were soaked," he says. "But the picture was a good one."

One of ten photographers who work for Valentine and Sons, Ltd., of Dundee, McMullen cheerfully puts up with discomfort so that he can photograph the beauty spots, tourist resorts, historic buildings and landmarks of Great Britain in their most favourable settings. A cautious, middle-aged Scotsman with a patient and painstaking manner, he travels 10,000 miles round the holiday towns of Britain during the five and a half month season from mid-April to September.

In an effort to find a camera angle needed to make an attractive photograph, he climbed a telegraph pole in Kent so that a village lane could be shown in perspective. For another photograph he went to Avonmouth Docks, Bristol, and found himself surrounded by tall ships which gave him no chance of anything but close-up photographs. To gain height so that he could see over the ships he climbed fifty feet up the first section of a crane. When he reached the top of the ladder, the driver, interested in what he was doing, offered to suspend him in the crane's bucket. McMullen descended to the ground, climbed into the bucket, set up his camera and took his photographs while he was swinging gently eighty feet above the docks.

On another occasion, on the Norfolk Broads, he left a rowing boat insecurely tied to a tree while he waited for two distant yachts to sail nearer his camera. When he had taken his photograph he found the rowing boat had drifted away. He had to swim to recover it. "Fortunately," he says, "the water was warm."

To get a picture of Fife and the hills behind the town, he hired a boat and went out to sea. Two young boys went with him for the trip. A quarter of a mile out, the bung came out of the boat, which rapidly began to fill with water. Neither of the two boys could swim, so McMullen began to row as fast as he could towards the shore. He was within thirty yards of land when the boat sank. "The water was just shallow enough for us to wade back to the beach," he says.

On a trip to Southsea in Hampshire, McMullen thought he could get the best general picture of the town from a new block of flats. He climbed to the roof, having asked permission from one of the tenants, and began looking for the most suitable angle. Wandering above a neighbouring flat, he saw the face of a frightened woman peeping at him from behind some curtains.

He thought nothing of it until five minutes later, when two police cars, their bells ringing, arrived at the entrance to the flats. Seconds

After a hard climb to find a vantage point McMullen starts work—above Cheddar Gorge

Holidaymakers like these at Weston-super-Mare often watch McMullen at work. For half the year he takes several hundred pictures of holiday resorts. Then he goes on holiday—to take pictures

The beach and canoe lake at Southsea were photographed from the pier's concert hall

For this view McMullen put the rowing boat on the River Bure, then waited for the yachts

later, two constables ran towards him from the lift and demanded to know what he was doing. When he told them, they explained that a telephone call had led them to believe that he was a cat-burglar who had recently been active in the district. McMullen, who by this time had decided on his camera angle, took his pictures while one of the constables, a keen amateur photographer, looked on. "It was only after I had talked over some technicalities with him that he seemed satisfied I was bona fide," says McMullen.

For another picture, McMullen arranged to re-route a steamer so that it could be photographed against the background of Gorleston in Norfolk. The boat was to steam directly towards a nearby quay where he was standing, then swing away at the last moment.

He took the photograph as scheduled, but the boat, caught broadside by a strong wind and a fast incoming tide, was unable to change course. It was only twenty yards away when McMullen realized that it was impossible for the captain to turn round, and that the boat would collide with the quay just where he was standing.

He grabbed his equipment and ran to one side just as the prow of the boat ploughed into the wooden quay. The force of the impact knocked him over. Shattered glass cut several of the passengers, and within seconds the boat was a tumult of noise and shouting. McMullen calmly set up his camera again, took pictures of the incident, and sold them to a local newspaper. "That was the only news story I have ever photographed," he says.

Although many amateur photographers take snapshots from the same angles as McMullen, the results are rarely as good. The main reason, he says, is that holidaymakers are unable to spend a long time waiting for favourable conditions. "I like to take a photograph with clouds in the sky to soften the shadows cast by the sun, with the right number of cars and people in the street to make the place look populated without being over-crowded, and with no advertisement hoardings in view." Last summer, one of the least sunny on record, he spent a fortnight in Torquay without having a moment of sunshine. At the end of the fortnight, when the weather cleared, all the tourists had gone home. McMullen followed them without having taken one photograph.

Two years ago he was photographing the Western Highlands of Scotland. In a village near Loch Long, Arrochar, he was told that if he climbed to 2,000 feet he would have a fine view of the surrounding mountain peaks, with Loch Lomond in the distance. Next day he set off, carrying his camera and equipment, which together weighed fifteen pounds. When he reached the point described to him, a mist descended and blotted out the landscape. After two hours it had not cleared, so he returned.

The next day, and the day after, the weather followed the same pattern. Each time he climbed only to find the view obscured by mist. "I decided to have one final try," he says. "My perseverance was rewarded, because the wind changed and I took a photograph which has since been sold by the thousand."

McMULLEN's interests outside photography are almost non-existent. His favourite holiday, taken after the five-and-a-half months of summer during which the camera has dominated his life, is to go into the Scottish Highlands and take colour photographs of the autumn views. Born in Arbroath, Angus, he went to school in Scotland and was apprenticed as an engineer. In 1935 he answered an advertisement by Valentine's for a postcard photographer, and got the job. Apart from the war years he has been with them ever since.

"My wife has often tried to talk me into getting a job with more time at home," he says. "But I don't seem fitted for anything else."

As an Associate of the Royal Photographic Society, McMullen occasionally submits his postcard views for exhibition. Only two or three a year are of a high enough standard. "Postcards are not works of art," he says. "Often, we take extremely ugly pictures of rows of Victorian hotels, but they sell in huge quantities because people like to mark with a cross the bedrooms in which they are sleeping. The will not accept unfamiliar views, however attractive. They want a picture they can recognize immediately."

One picture which has been commercially successful and reaches McMullen's artistic standards is his shot of York Minster, a cathedral with three towers. To get the picture he persuaded the matron of a nursing home nearby to give him the use of a bedroom from which all three towers could be seen clearly. Then he waited until 5 p.m. for the evening sun to give him the shadows he needed.

For part of the winter McMullen works in the filing department of Valentine's Dundee factory, throwing away prints which have become out of date. The files hold more than half a million views—the most comprehensive photographic record of Britain which exists, the firm says. In the summer the photographers replace the old views.

To jovial holidaymakers who think that he is a beach photographer and ask him to take their pictures, he gives a stock answer: "I photograph views, not wild life."

His only attempt to move people out of camera range met with limited success. Photographing a paddling pool at Herne Bay, Kent, he was unable to stop interested children peering into the lens. Trying to coax them back into the water, he told them: "It's all over now. Go and enjoy yourselves." As he turned away from the pool, he slipped on the wet tiles and fell flat on his back.

Says McMullen: "The children thought it was very funny. I got up quickly, went to the camera, and took a wonderful picture of them laughing their heads off."

THE END

SANDY was a soldier's boy

He liked it fine, this new life in the garden. But soon there would be school... and perhaps war

by DAVID WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Sandy's lips were tight shut. "Silly little boy," said the colonel. "How dare you make us insult your father"

THE fight between Sandy McBain and Davie Muir took place in public—with the Black Watch R.S.M. as referee and a crowd of Jocks forming the ring. The R.S.M. let them fight because he'd heard what Davie had said about Sandy's dad.

"The bullfrog in the fancy suit," was no way to refer to Pipe Major Donald McBain. . . .

Davie Muir, the Altnadean minister's son, had added injury to the insult, too, by eating a chocolate cake Sandy had in his bicycle carrier—a cake his mum had made for some friends.

And so the two boys fought; and Sandy won, and went off to the M.I. room to have his black eye and damaged thumb attended to. . . . It was another scrape he'd got into almost without being able to help it. He wondered what Mum would say. She was going to have a bairn and Dad had told him to be specially good these last weeks.

Ever since the battalion had come to Altnadean—near the Secret Place, the atomic research station up in the hills—Sandy had been in trouble. For weeks he'd been working daily up at the big house, Miss Abigail's place, to repay the damage he and his catapult had done her greenhouse.

It wasn't bad work, though. Miss Abigail was kind to him. And Colonel Spens, the Black Watch C.O., who was staying with her—well, the colonel was braw. Sheila, his daughter, was only nine, a year younger than Sandy, but she was grand company; and finally there was good old Smodger, the colonel's batman. . . .

On Monday, when Sandy went back to work, he could not hold a rake because of his left thumb, but he could do one-handed jobs. Sandy knew that the grown-up people were worried today about the news. There was a crisis in some place two thousand miles away.

But Tuesday was the day the rumours started. Rumours of aeroplanes and spies and submarines. . . . Then one rumour that was true: *The battalion is to move tonight*. . . .

PART THREE

Ready For The Road

SANDY worked that afternoon among Miss Abigail's pet rock plants. It was a slow and special job in case you pulled a weedy thing that might turn out to be the rarest gentian in the world. He heard the cushies cooing in the woods, the peaceful sound; he heard the army trucks go roaring up the hill, the hurried sound. The day was fine again, every day a little finer

"Could we see your tattoos, the private ones?" Sandy asked. "H'mm," said Smodger, frowning . . . and then he pulled his left sleeve up to the very top

than the last, or so it seemed to Sandy. *The colonel called it battle weather,* Sandy thought.

He weeded round the other way, and then he saw Miss Abigail. She sat near him on a garden seat, and she was watching him. Miss Abigail did not usually come unheard.

Sandy weeded on, doing easy bits, with no chance of a mistake to cause Miss Abigail to scream.

"You have green fingers, Alexander," said Miss Abigail.

They were brown from the sun, and dusty from the dry brown earth.

"I mean you have the gardener's touch," she said. "Green fingers and the scars of war, alas so true of man. How are you feeling, Alexander?"

"Fine, thanks," he said. And then, being reminded of it, Sandy asked: "Is there to be a war, Miss Abigail?"

She sighed. "Perhaps," she said. She looked away from Sandy. Side-face she was like those Red Indian chiefs you see the pictures of, but no feathers and no paint; but Miss Abigail had kindness in her face. "They telephoned an hour ago," she said. "The hill is closed. I have walked the hill for seventy years, and now I may not walk my hill."

This had been the rumour. So it was true. "Why is it closed, Miss Abigail?" He heard another lorry roaring up.

"Defensive measures. Which means mines and boobytraps and every kind of horror, I suppose, and all because of that loathsome monster lurking underneath its chimney. There is the real enemy, dear boy. We have offended nature. But what I came to say is that you and Sheila must on no account go up there, not one inch beyond the hill-gate and the wall. Now, promise me."

He promised. He saw Miss Abigail was pretty sad about her hill, no wonder; so he just suddenly thought of a Miss Abigailish joke to cheer her up, and so he said: "What about if I was wanting to go away up there to be watching God's green earth by day, Miss Abigail?"

Well then, Miss Abigail burst into giggles. Her giggles were quite strange to hear. Then she stood to go, and looked at him. "Ah," she she said, "bless you, Alexander. Now I know that everything must be all right. Must be . . . must be . . ." as she strode away.

Sandy went on working with his brown-green fingers. He felt Giant War crouch over tiny him and everything, and Sandy was afraid.

That was Tuesday. On Wednesday at reveille, six a.m., the battalion was put on two hours' notice. Dad's equipment lay all ready for the road. And Dad was ready for the road. The pipe major did not make his usual cheery jokes. But there was a sharpness in his soldier's eye ready to go to meet the troubles that were coming.

Dad went off to work, and so did Sandy, a bit late on account of watching Dad put out his things. Who should come riding down the other way but Davie Muir.

"Ay," said Davie Muir.

"Ay," said Sandy as they passed. It was awkward.

"Sandy!" from behind him, so he stopped with one foot on the ground. "I dever meadt you what I said about your dad," said Davie

THE MILLIONTH CHANCE

by James Leasor

The R 101 was as large as an ocean liner. She was Britain's hope to lead the age of air travel. And when she crashed and forty-eight men died, George V spoke of a "national disaster." . . . James Leasor has uncovered the exciting story of the great airship: the high drama and adventure, the political pressure, and the courage of the men who flew and the women they left behind. It begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

through his swollen nose, or not through it, if you come to think.

"I ken yon fine," said Sandy. "Cheerio then, Davie." He rode on up the hill, and there was a glow all through him until he heard the news come blaring out of the windows at Altnadean Big-house, and Sandy listened to the English voice, like Miss Abigail's or the colonel's, only more so, or like Sheila's party voice.

"Hopes of peace are fading," said the voice. "But there remains a chance that today's meeting of the Foreign Secretaries. . . ." And then a lot about black-out preparations, evacuating cities, this and that and so on, all so calm and all so muddled-seeming. Again Giant War crouched over Sandy.

He leaned his bike against the wall near Smodger's den. He thought of paying a call on Good Old Smodger if Smodger was at home. But then he thought that to get started on the job would be the best thing, like a comfort. So he hurried off to the big walled garden to look about for Mr. Mackenzie in his bowler hat to ask him what to do. It was another perfect morning, dew gleaming on the grass, cobwebs with the colours of the rainbow.

His first job was to pick tomatoes in the greenhouse. That was a good job, with the good tomato smell, the warm mixed growing smells. Sandy filled five baskets. Twenty-seven new panes of glass in the end wall of the greenhouse were there as a reminder. Miss Abigail kept trying to pay him wages, but Dad had said: *A full month's work won't pay for it.* So a full month it would be, and after that. . . .

Sandy just wished that he could work free for ever at Altnadean Big-house, and be with Sheila, good old Smodger, Mr. Mackenzie, who was a bit stuck-up but decent, Miss Abigail, and hoping all the time to see the colonel, not that he saw the colonel much. But there was school next month, and there was something else next minute, hour or day or week, and that was Giant War.

Mr. Mackenzie put Sandy in charge of sprinkling in the afternoon. He gave each thirsty piece a real good soak, and then he moved the sprinkler on, picking raspberries between whiles. Sheila had been in and out and round about the place all day. But they had heard the colonel's thunder-rumble Bentley come, so Sheila ran to see her father.

"Sandy . . . ! Sandy . . . !" She was coming. Sandy hid behind delphiniums beside the tap. He turned it off, waited, judged the moment right, and gave her a swoosh of sprinkler as she ran along the path.

Sheila gasped, wet all over, but it was a fine hot day to like being sprinkled in the sun. "Daddy says, come and look at Susan and the puppies," Sheila said, water running down her face.

SANDY shifted the sprinkler, and found Mr. Mackenzie to tell him he had to go, it was the colonel's orders. "Daddy and Smodger are moving down to live at the battalion," Sheila said, walking to the house. "I wish my daddy didn't have to go away."

Me too, Sandy was going to say. But he had a mother too, and so he did not say it.

"Hail Kinyucher." The colonel was in his battledress and khaki bonnet with the big red hackle. Miss Abigail was with him.

Sandy and Sheila followed the colonel and Miss Abigail to the washing green where Smodger bent over Susan and her pups. Smodger was dog-boss in among all his other jobs. But he was daft on dogs, so he did not count that one as a job. He straightened up, and his Her-Nibs-is-here expression came on his face.

Sheila and Sandy played with the puppies, and the grown-ups watched. Every day they were livelier and stronger on their legs: Bara, the bonny sleeky one; Beulah, the fierce and naughty one; Basher, the big fat easy-going golden one; Buster, the chocolate dog with the quick, wise, sober eye about him.

"Which ones do you like best, you two?" the colonel asked.

Sandy and Sheila each waited for the other to say first.

"Kinyucher?"

"I like Buster," Sandy said. "Buster is the brawest." Buster sniffed at the bandage on Sandy's hand. Buster hardly ever licked you.

"I like Beulah," Sheila said. "Sandy calls her just a wee black bezzom. Yes, I like Beulah best." Sheila tickled Beulah in the tummy, and Beulah snapped and snarled, but playing.

"I wondered," said the colonel. "I rather thought you'd choose the opposites."

"Conference at sixteen hundred hours, you said, sir. Time to go, sir."

"Oh, all right," the colonel said, quite grumpily for him. "There's a clever girl," he said to Susan, patting her. She whined.

The colonel's bedding roll was in the car, and Smodger's kitbag, one rifle, one revolver, two sets of equipment.

"I would go home if I were you, Kinyucher," said the colonel. "The pipe major will be away tonight, but you could catch him now. Good night, Aunt Abigail, and many thanks." The colonel bent to give Sheila a hug. "Good night, my pooch," he said, his private name for her. "See you soon."

"Sandy," the colonel said. It was the only time he did not say "Kinyucher." "Keep an eye on the women for us, would you, Sandy?"

"Verragood, sir," Sandy said, like Smodger said to the R.S.M. the other night.

Good nights with Smodger too, all said as lightly as if Smodger and the colonel were off to the seaside for a spree, and not to defend the Secret Place, or whatever the job might be, or to be flown away across the world to fight. How else can farewells be endured?

Sandy rode home fast to see his dad. He could feel Giant War grow bigger hour by hour. . . .

But Peace came back on Thursday. This was the way it happened. The rumours getting worse; and then one tiny peaceful rumour, two more, a flood of magic news, and rumour dead.

"Last-minute concessions. . . . Peace with honour. . . . Immediate withdrawal. . . . Triumph of British firmness and diplomacy. The Prime Minister will speak. . . ."

Miss Abigail sent Sandy and Sheila to tell Mr. Mackenzie in the garden. It was a grand afternoon again, the pigeons cooing in the woods, the Giant War gone—pouff! Mr. Mackenzie had been leaning on his hoe, but he let that fall, and he cried: "Whoopee!" and "*Whoopee*" came back from all four garden walls, and he took his bowler hat from off his baldy head, and his bowler hat went spinning over sweet peas, gooseberries, climbing roses and herbaceous borders like a black flying saucer till it landed on a pear tree. Sandy had to climb with one hand and a half to get back Mr. Mackenzie's lost dignity or flying bowler hat.

Sandy went home to supper, and after supper he and Dad and Mum went in to listen to the Prime Minister with Auntie Ethel.

The Prime Minister was good. ". . . This is a proud hour," he said, after explaining all about it, "an hour to celebrate that courage of the British people, of every one of you who listen to me in your peaceful homes this evening—that courage which gave *us* the strength to serve you. So celebrate, I say. Ring the bells, make bonfires, dance and sing."

Auntie Ethel was the one who carried out instructions. She jumped from her seat and took Sandy by the hands and danced him round and round in a kind of capery schottische. Auntie Ethel had that fevery look about her, like she might have taken one too many drappies, but no such thing, of course. Auntie Ethel never

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General Sir Robert Lockhart, the Jamboree Scout Chief, meets the Boy Scout Band of Trinidad on their arrival in London

Boys on the spree

by PETER JACKSON

Jamboree! It brings them from every corner of the world to a canvas town—for the biggest celebration in Scouting history

A SOLIDLY built, mild-mannered professional Scout walked into a London broker's offices a few months ago and asked for an insurance policy against a third world war starting this summer. "I've spent two years and half a million pounds on preparing for an international jamboree in August," Kenneth Stevens explained. "I don't want to risk a few meddling politicians wrecking the whole thing at the last moment, and throwing the Boy Scout movement into bankruptcy."

Stevens paid a premium of £10,000 and went back to his headquarters with a £300,000 contingencies policy covering the jamboree against interference from world war, plague, strikes and national mourning down to more commonplace fire and third party risks.

As organizer of the twelve-day jamboree which the Duke of Gloucester opens this week at Sutton Park, Warwickshire, Stevens has been working since April, 1955, on the biggest administrative project in the history of Scouting. To mark the centenary of the birth of the movement's founder, Baden-Powell, Scouts, Rovers and Leaders are staging an international gathering together for the first time.

Stevens has had to get 31,000 representatives from eighty-five countries into the centre of England, build a canvas town, complete with shops, hospital, theatre and churches, and try to persuade at least a million people to steady his balance sheet through the jamboree box office.

"Except for the end of the world," he says, "we tried to make the insurance cover everything. Jamborees always seem to run into trouble."

On the eve of the 1955 jamboree at Niagara, a hurricane swept through the camp area and flattened acres of tented accommodation. The Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan, was buried beneath a mound of canvas when the V.I.P. marquee collapsed. He struggled free and directed emergency labour gangs which rebuilt the camp for the opening ceremony.

A cloudburst flooded out the 1951 jamboree, held in an Austrian mountain valley. Neighbouring countries began to organize a relief scheme, but the first observers to reach the camp found the jamboree proceeding normally. The Scouts had worked through the night of the storm to construct an elaborate drainage system, and had cleared the area.

Organizers of the first postwar jamboree, outside Paris in 1947, feared an international crisis within the camp when the partition of India and Pakistan occurred during the jamboree. The Indian contingent comprised boys from both the new countries, as well as British Scouters. Camp officials wondered what to do if the party disintegrated into three groups. But in the morning the contingent paraded as usual, in one body but carrying three flags. "We are all Scouts," one of their leaders explained.

Contingents in the opening ceremony are coming from places like Austria and Zanzibar; Germany is sending two thousand, and lone Scouts are coming from Burma and the Argentine.

"Their choice of transport for the journey here has complicated matters," says Stevens, who has spent three months trying to pass on details of reception arrangements to a New Zealander cycling towards Sutton Park, an Australian travelling by wheelchair, and three Brazilians taking a round-the-world route by jeep. A young African set out to walk to the jamboree. "But somehow I don't think he will make it," says

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Kenneth Stevens (right) checks work on the site. Although he is the organizer, this is the first jamboree he has ever attended

Emergency

No man has the right to risk a woman's he is her husband or her doctor

IVOR MEREDITH had just finished his morning surgery when Watkin Hughes's message reached him. It came via the coastguards, for Hughes lived in splendid isolation on Pentre Goch Island, a hundred-acre rocky outcrop off Pembroke's barren coast, and his only link with the mainland was by a telephone line to the coastguard hut.

Hughes farmed on Pentre Goch and lived with his wife and fourteen-year-old daughter in a stone house hidden behind low cliffs. His wife was going to have a baby and, when the boy from the coastguards tore up to the surgery on that sunny August morning and handed him the message, Meredith knew, before looking at it, what it would say.

The few words scribbled on the scrap of paper confirmed his fears and he compressed his lips. Nature, not interested in the problems doctors have to face, had begun her inevitable processes.

Meredith had little patience with Watkin Hughes.

The doctor had sent messages urging Mrs. Hughes to go ashore for her confinement, but always there seemed to be some excuse. Hughes's motor-boat wouldn't start, or the sea was too rough; always something. Perhaps they were good excuses. Meredith didn't know about that. But he did know that leaving a woman near her time on an island with an uncertain ferry system was asking for trouble. And now that trouble had come.

Meredith knew he would have to go himself. This was a responsibility he daren't delegate. Should complications arise he would have to deal with them on the island. Only as a final resort would he permit a maternity patient to suffer the rigours of a boat trip, with the inevitable bumping over rocks at each end.

Hughes was too vague a character by half. He had an infuriating habit of saying cheerfully: "Things'll work out all right." Well, Hughes wasn't a doctor. But he'd learn. . . .

From the harassed look on his face as he stood waiting for Meredith on the beach opposite the island, Hughes was learning already. With a curt nod, Meredith climbed into the motor-boat and braced himself while Hughes backed it off the beach. Later he intended to tear this man off one hell of a strip—for risking his wife and for not taking the doctor's advice. But all that could wait. The patient came first.

Hughes was coaxing the engine to its maximum speed. He looked worried and guilty. He knew the doctor's cool attitude was quite justified. Indeed, so it was. The doctor had been right, and now he was in a bad temper.

Hughes sweated and swung the wheel while he described his wife's condition. Meredith listened carefully. There was nothing to panic

Call

life . . . whether

by F. W. HOLIDAY

over, he thought. Everything seemed quite normal so far. But how long would he have to stay there, waiting? He hoped it wouldn't mean staying all night.

"Fortunately for everyone, I think things will work out all right this time, Hughes," he said pointedly. "But it's a great pity we couldn't have got your wife to hospital."

Hughes flushed but said nothing.

They reached the island and climbed out on a small shingle beach facing the mainland. Hughes led the way up a path between heather slopes.

Finally, Meredith saw the farmhouse, built of granite and slate, standing under a protecting bluff. Within a few minutes he'd examined Mrs. Hughes and come downstairs, where Hughes and his young daughter, Meg, were waiting.

Meg's face showed anxiety bordering on fear, and Meredith again silently cursed Hughes. In a few years this young girl might be having children herself. Her mother's plight during the last few hours would not be an encouraging memory.

"Will Mother be all right?" the girl asked. "She's been groaning so, and we were afraid you might not be able to come."

Meredith gave her a reassuring smile.

"She's quite comfortable just now," he said. "The pains may come back in a little while, but it's only a few more hours to go. Then you'll both think it's all been well worth while. At the moment there isn't any more that I can do for her, but I won't leave here till the baby's born."

The doctor turned to Hughes. "Could you ring the coastguards and ask them to pass a message to my home that I may not be back till this evening?"

MEG went upstairs to see her mother. While Hughes was phoning, the doctor went outside and sat down in the sun.

He felt hot and sweaty and a bit jaded. It had been a hectic morning.

"I don't suppose you've got such a thing as a pair of bathing trunks?" he asked Hughes when the latter joined him.

Hughes said he'd look. Presently he returned with a pair of white naval shorts and twine to tie them up. Meredith went down thankfully to the beach. A ten-minute dip and he'd be ready for anything.

Once in the cool water his weariness left him, and life seemed good. This is just what the doctor ordered—and it's not often they can follow their own prescriptions, he told himself wryly. He had loved swimming since he was a boy; it was the finest recreation of them all.

The channel he had crossed earlier with Hughes in the motor-boat was about two hundred yards wide. He swam easily back across it now and waded out on a sandy beach on the mainland. He lay there looking across at the island, thinking that, with any sort of luck, Hughes would have a lusty, bawling infant on his arm by teatime. It was a straightforward case. But the man deserved to be told a few home truths about not getting his wife ashore sooner.

After a while he decided that he'd better get back.

He started out. And then, quite suddenly he stopped swimming, puzzled. A strange sound, a cross between a gurgle and a snort, had come over the water. He did a languid overarm stroke while he gazed round. He wondered if there were seals about.

Then, fifty yards to his left, something broke surface—a fin. He stopped swimming and floated, wondering uneasily what it could be. It was a large fin, about three feet long, polished like black ebony. After a moment it sank under the surface.

Porpoises were common enough round the coast, but he knew this wasn't a porpoise. It was much too big. Then his mind caught at the word "shark," and for the first time he felt a stir of real alarm in his belly. None of the British sharks were man-killers, yet he remembered reading somewhere that tropical monsters—like the Tiger Shark—sometimes came north in a hot summer, following the Gulf Stream.

There was nothing in sight now, and after a moment he shrugged his shoulders with irritation. A noise and a curious object had almost put him into a panic. The thing had gone, whatever it was, and it was high time he got ashore. It was probably a basking-shark—harmless.

He resumed his swim.

Sharp and close at hand came the snort again; and this time Meredith flung himself back in the water, very much on the defensive. Less than thirty feet away the fin came up again and he recoiled in horror. A square head routed the surface, black as an ancient stone, with a dirty white splotch across its cheek. It jetted a small plume of water. Then the dorsal fin curved into view and the creature sank.

Trembling, Meredith threshed himself back to the beach he had just left. He felt sick with shock. He stopped swimming only when the sand lay coarse under his chest and he could sob in his breath. He was shivering.

HE had seen an animal like this before—two years ago when he was on holiday in Scotland. It was an Orca, or Grampus. Some called it the Killer Whale. At the time, friends with him had debated whether such a monster lived up to its name. Perhaps it was quite harmless. Then, such a view seemed quite possible—but now he wasn't so sure. At a safe distance it was easy enough to reassure oneself that such a brute might never attack man. But when it was so close. . . .

Slowly he got to his feet and waded up through the shallows. The tide was in full flood now, clean, cool and green. The Orca had vanished. Meredith automatically brushed the sand off himself as he walked along the shore. Somehow he had to attract Hughes's attention and get him to bring the boat across.

He stared across at the island's granite cliffs rising in grey desolation. There was no sign of life, no movement. He turned his head quickly as the water boiled and broke offshore. The black dorsal was just sliding from view.

He moistened his lips and cursed quietly. If only Hughes would come! Surely the fool must know that something was wrong. A new and disquieting thought struck him. Suppose Mrs. Hughes's labour had begun? In that case her husband would never dare leave her, with only a frightened child to help her.

Then, miraculously, Hughes did come. The doctor saw him running along the island cliffs. The sight brought with it shock as well as relief. He knew only one thing that would make Hughes run—a situation far beyond his control.

Meredith gave the loudest shout that was in him and waved his arms. Hughes hesitated and

Continued on page 23

Meredith recoiled in horror. Less than thirty feet away from him the fin had come up again, followed by a square, black head. He felt sick with shock

When Meredith saw the anxiety in Meg's face, he again silently cursed Hughes. "Will Mother be all right?" the girl asked

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

I REFUSED TO DIE • 4

by IAN MacHORTON

Blackout—then I wake up in prison

In the hail of bullets I fell unconscious. When I came to, a Jap stood over me. And I knew that my choice was escape or death

AFTER a while we came to the hillock in the Burmese jungle where, about an hour previously, my corporal and I had left a young fellow-Chindit. He had been seriously wounded in our battle to cross the Irrawaddy river. One of his arms was shattered by a bullet; another bullet had passed right through his chest.

At the foot of the hillock I gave my party the order to halt. Accompanied by the corporal, I pressed through the undergrowth. It was our intention to improvise a stretcher for the boy from bamboo poles and creepers. But he was dead when we found him.

We closed his eyes and folded his hands across his chest. We pulled grasses, ferns and creepers over him. And so we left him.

When we returned to the others the corporal gave a thumbs-down sign, and I went back to my place at the head of the party.

There were only eleven of us and, on that April evening in 1943, a march of two hundred miles through Japanese-held territory lay ahead. It had to be completed if we were to gain the safety of India. And we had to reach our next big obstacle, the River Chindwin, before the monsoon turned it into a torrent.

We were not in any condition for such an arduous journey. I, the leader of the party, had been badly wounded in the thigh. My senior n.c.o., Sergeant Hayes, had his left arm hanging in a blood-soiled sling. Of the remainder, all except the corporal had been wounded. Two men were so severely injured that they had to be carried on stretchers.

Feeling thoroughly exhausted, completely without food and equipped with a compass and escape map as navigational aids, we set off through the darkening jungle.

At dawn, before the sun had risen from the morning mist, we saw a village ahead. It stood silently in the middle of a clearing and was surrounded by a checkerboard of paddy fields. I looked at Sergeant Hayes; he looked at me. We knew what had to be done.

"This place is all right, sergeant," I said. "We'll not find anywhere better to leave the stretcher cases than here."

The two wounded men—unbelievably cheerful—were carried forward to the jungle's edge and, in full sight of the village, placed under a tree so that they would be shaded from the sun.

I hated every moment of this act, but the Chindit ruling that wounded who could not walk had to be abandoned, so as not to jeopardize the safety of their companions, was a sensible one and had to be obeyed.

The rest of us slipped back into the jungle and, carefully camouflaging our trail, we skirted the village. I decided that we would sleep for the remainder of that day. We all needed rest. An hour's march from the village we were fortunate enough to find a deep cave. In it we passed the day.

When night came once more we emerged and went on. After a while the ground beneath our feet levelled out and we realized that, beneath the thick cover of the jungle, we were marching over a plain. The air was sultry and oppressive. We staggered along, getting steadily weaker as we grew more hungry.

After what seemed to me to be a thousand miles, but which was probably no more than three, I gave an order to halt. We slumped down in the undergrowth, too weak and weary even to post sentries. Sergeant Hayes went back along the line and then returned to where, bent almost double with weakness, I was leaning on my rifle.

"We are two short, sir," he reported. "A couple of them have disappeared. I reckon they must be deserters."

We never saw those men again. . . .

THREE times more during that night of agony we had to rest. We lay down, not caring much whether we lived or died. The jungle had never seemed more vast or menacing.

Just before dawn I realized, from the thinning of the trees, that we were approaching open country. In a croaking voice, I ordered the column to halt and hide just off the track while I went forward with the corporal to discover what lay ahead.

In less than fifty yards we came to the edge of the jungle. Immediately in front of us, for some two hundred yards, stretched neatly cultivated paddy fields. Beyond them was a village. Smoke from the stilted bamboo huts spiralled lazily in the haze of the new day.

The inhabitants were already astir. After a few moments of anxious watching we decided to risk entering the village. It was a risk we had to take. "Come on," I said. "Let's go."

Together, our rifles slung over our shoulders, we strode boldly into the village.

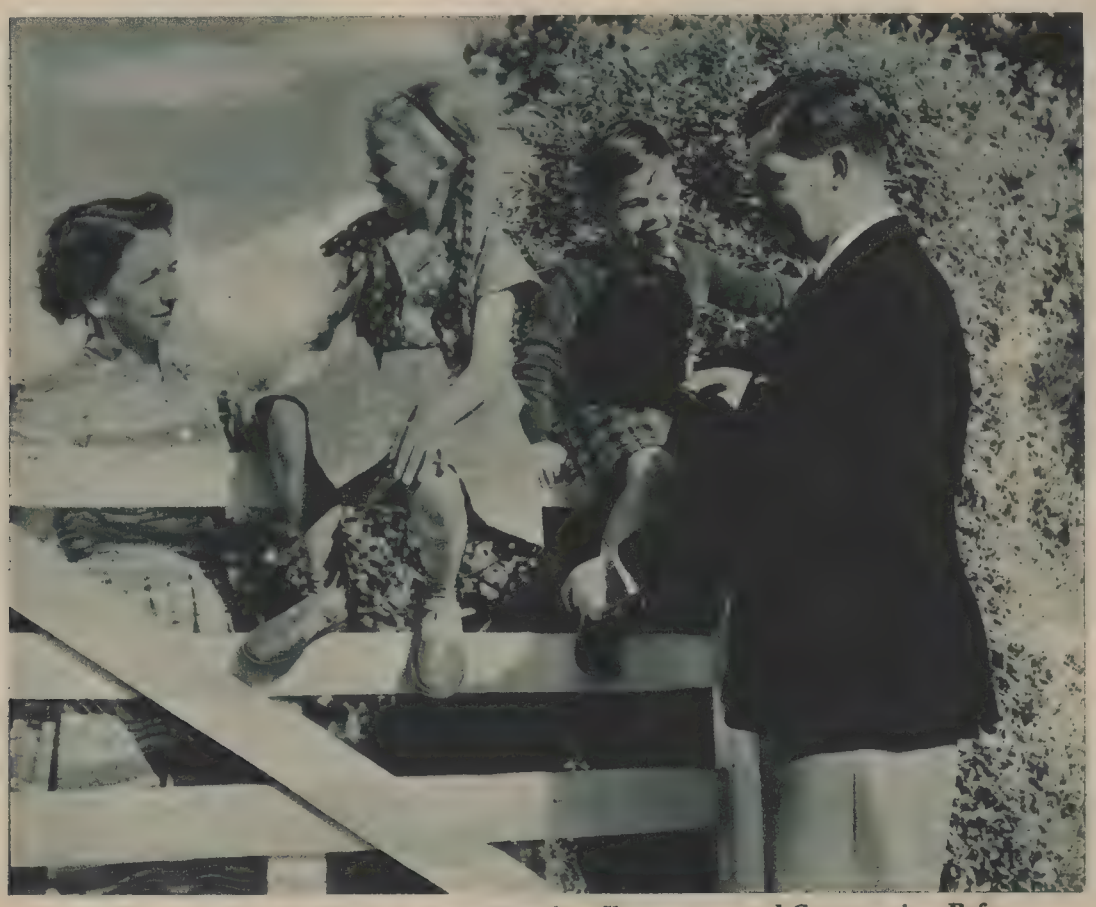
"Nice bit of stuff over there," observed the corporal, nodding towards a girl at the well.

At that moment she turned her head and saw us. She dropped her pitcher and fled.

"It's this beard of mine that does it," said the corporal.

Before we had advanced many more paces I became aware that something important was happening in the village. A wave of consternation was sweeping through it.

"Wait a moment. I don't like this," I said, seizing the corporal by the arm. Had the girl's



MacHorton at home with his wife and family—Sheena, ten, and Graeme, six. Before he was demobilized he was adjutant at the Army Apprentices School at Arborfield

sudden flight been a warning for Jap soldiers?

We were standing right in the open—perfect targets. "Get down," I gasped.

We dived behind an earth wall only six inches high, dividing a couple of paddy fields, and slid our rifles forward, ready for action. The menace of our action was not lost on the Burmese. An excited group of ten or twelve men carrying spades and hoes was advancing towards us.

"Keep your head down, sir," laughed the corporal. He was in high spirits now that action seemed imminent. "Say when, and we'll let 'em have it."

"Hold it," I said. "There's something strange happening. Why are they coming out with their working tools?"

"A lot of damage can be done to a bloke's head with a shovel."

The men, chattering among themselves and still walking as though bound for a day's work in the fields, were now only a few yards away. When they were almost on top of us, their leader suddenly started making signs.

"He wants us to take off our hats and join them," I whispered. "There's obviously something brewing. We'll just have to trust them."

"All right, sir, if you say so," said the corporal.

As the party came abreast of us, we promptly whipped off our hats, stood up and joined the villagers, who walked on without pausing. We did not stop until we had reached the jungle.

Sergeant Hayes rose from the undergrowth. "What's up, sir?" he asked. "We nearly let this bunch have it when we saw them coming for you."

The villagers crowded round us, talking in high-pitched voices, but obviously there was no hostility in what they were saying—only eagerness. We managed to single out the leader to act as spokesman and I called up one of the Gurkhas to assist as interpreter.

SOON we learned that a Jap patrol had spent the night in the village. Even as we had arrived the patrol was marching off into the jungle on the opposite side of the village. They were heading north, losing no time in hunting down the "despicable British." The villagers had thought up the idea of the "working party" as a means of getting the corporal and me back into the jungle.

The headman added that we were very near a railway line, but that it was patrolled night and day from a nearby Jap garrison. He agreed to provide us with a guide who would take us to within sight of the track.

I asked the Burmese if they would provide us with food. They agreed readily. An hour later we were delighted by the sight of a dozen women in brilliant *lungyis* coming towards us carrying large bowls full of delicious rice covered with

The Jap drew his bayonet and lunged at my throat. There was no doubt in my mind that he meant to butcher me

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meat. The women, who had also brought with them bowls of hot water which had been rendered antiseptic with herbs, soon busied themselves cleaning and bathing our wounds. And then we set off on our march again.

Our guide was as good as the village spokesman's word. Quietly and efficiently he led us through the jungle by unfrequented tracks until, at 10 p.m., we reached a single-track railway. The guide had done his job and, as arranged, took his leave.

We lay and watched the railway for twenty minutes, wondering whether we dare cross it. Then we heard sounds coming from the north. It was a Jap patrol approaching. There were eight men, their bayonets and domed helmets gleaming in the moonlight, their flat faces inscrutable and evil.

To our alarm, they halted directly in front of us and sat down on the rails with the deliberation of men who were waiting for something.

"Has the guide given us away?" whispered Sergeant Hayes in my ear.

"Doubt it," I whispered back. "But why are the Japs waiting?"

"It could be a ten-minute halt for a rest," suggested the corporal.

"Let's knock 'em off, sir. We can get the whole bunch in one go," whispered the sergeant.

"We're not strong enough to stir up trouble," I replied.

The minutes ticked on—minutes of almost unbearable tension. At 10.30 another enemy patrol came along the railway line from the south.

When the second patrol was abreast of us it halted. The men sat down to talk with the Japs already there. At 10.37 p.m. the patrols got ready to move—back from whence they had come.

We had been fantastically lucky. The guide had left us at the very point where the two patrols met—the most vulnerable point in any patrol system.

As soon as the Japs were completely out of sight and earshot, we slid from the shadows and, bent low, dashed into the jungle across the line.

The next dangerous crossing we had to face was the Mu river, and looming constantly in my mind was the fear that the monsoon might break before we got there.

For the rest of that night we continued to march westwards. I was forcing the pace and every man had to strain himself to the full to keep going.

During the next night's march I realized that we would have to take things more easily. The men were cracking. I was having to call halts more frequently. So I decided on a new plan: only when anyone fell out would we rest. This way we just had to keep moving, day and night.

It was during the morning of the following day that we were stumbling along and came to a village. I rounded a sharp bend in the track and there it was, in the heart of the jungle—as neat a village as one could wish to find, enigmatic and tantalizing.

We ducked out of sight. Undoubtedly we could have made a wide detour through the jungle and slipped round the village unnoticed, but our hunger was desperate. We had not eaten for two days. I decided to send the sergeant in to look round.

While I covered him he moved silently towards the village. Suddenly, at a corner adjoining the main street, he turned and beckoned.

"Come on, corporal," I whispered.

Our comrades covered our advance as the corporal and I went to join the sergeant. "Someone's here all right," said the sergeant urgently. "There's a Bren gun down the street."

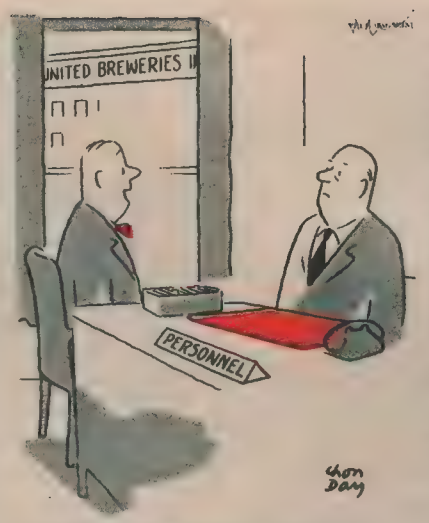
I crawled forward to look. A man was squatting behind the gun. He could have been any nationality—a Jap, perhaps, with a captured British Bren.

"We can't take the chance," I said. "Let's pull out and make the detour."

We had started to crawl back when the corporal whispered: "Wait a bit. Somebody's coming out of the house."

He went back to where we had been crouching, then turned to us, grinning with relief. "Yes, sir. Just come and look. It's Mr. Best, sir."

"What!" I said. I hastily joined



"Qualifications? Well, I like beer..."

him in time to see a gaunt figure descending the steps. As he emerged into the sunlight he turned his head towards us to call to the man at the Bren. It was quite definitely Lieutenant Arthur Best—a Chindit who had become one of my closest friends.

I leaped to my feet and ran into the village shouting his name. "Arthur, Arthur! What are you doing here?"

Arthur, too, was overjoyed. The emotion of Stanley meeting Livingstone in darkest Africa was nothing compared with this.

"I've just been paying for some rice in the village," said Arthur. "Come and meet the rest of our party."

He led the way into the jungle, and in a few minutes I was face to face again with Colonel Alexander, my commander, who had been forced to take the decision to abandon me when I was too badly wounded to walk.

The colonel gave a wide smile of welcome. "Glad you made it, old chap," he said. His second-in-command, Major Dunlop, came up and wrung my hand. "Jolly good show, Ian."

And suddenly my other friends and fellow-officers—Eddie Edmonds, John Griffiths, Captain Clarke and John Fowler—were there as well. It was a magnificent reunion.

The greetings over, and my men given food, I went to a sheltered hollow behind the village. The whole party

PRIDE—1

One may be humble out of pride.

Montaigne

was lying there ready for the crossing of the Mu river. I searched the faces of the Gurkhas, but in vain.

Arthur asked quietly: "Looking for Kulbahadur?"

"Yes," I said. It meant a great deal to me that Kulbahadur, my Gurkha orderly and frequent companion in danger, should still be alive.

"When I last saw him he had gone back to look for you at the Irrawaddy crossing," said Arthur. "He was still searching when the Japs got in among us. We had to run for it pretty fast."

Seeing my worried expression, Arthur went on: "Don't worry about him. Kulbahadur is tough. If anybody ever gets through this, *he* will."

Our conversation was cut short by the order to get on the move again. Wearily the men rose to their feet.

"Well, goodbye for now," called Arthur with a grin. "I'm the advance guard today, so I won't be seeing you until tonight."

With a wave he was gone—gone for ever as it happened. At that moment he disappeared in a vicious hail of bullets. A Jap fighting patrol had sneaked up on us through the jungle.

The bullets zipped through the trees. Men screamed and fell writhing. I ran for cover, and soon I was among the trees overhanging the river. I lurched down the bank into the cool water.

Most of the rest of our force was already crossing the river, which was swift-flowing, but shallow, and about two hundred yards wide. The leading sections were half-way across.

We ploughed through the waters, our firearms held high. As the leading troops reached the shore a concealed Jap machine-gun opened up. Men went down on all sides.

Horrified, I heard another machine-gun. More men fell ahead of me.

I heard myself shouting above the noise of it all: "Keep going." Then, as the water became shallower we broke into a splashing trot.

Suddenly we were clear of the water and belting up the beach. Vaguely I sensed that the Japs were wavering.

"Charge! Kill the little devils!" I yelled.

The corporal, less than six feet ahead of me, suddenly screamed in agony and somersaulted forward to lie kicking on the sand. I had no time to stop. I took a flying leap over his body and could snatch only one look at him before continuing the charge. What I saw impelled me to keep going. A burst of fire had torn into him, killing him instantly.

Soon I was under the shelter of the bank which overhung a little and afforded us temporary cover. As I slumped down, Sergeant Hayes tumbled beside me. In quick succession three others joined us. We were the sole survivors of my group.

"Come on. Follow me," I ordered.

I jumped up, scrambled and flung myself over the ledge of the bank. Head down, I bounded towards the jungle—and ran straight into two Japanese machine-gunners.

I tripped over the nearest Jap and fell into a low bush. My rifle landed out of reach. At once I whipped out my hunting knife and turned for hand-to-hand combat with the Japs. As I did so, a revolver exploded close to me with a roar.

Sergeant Hayes loomed up, his revolver muzzle smoking from the point-blank shot that had killed one of the Jap gunners. Blood on the brass-shod rifle butt of a British soldier close on his heels told how the other Jap had died.

There was no deep cover immediately around us. We were in open teak forest with low bushes dotting the sandy soil. We raced on, flat out.

Then, for no reason that I could discover, I suddenly hit the ground.

I tried to follow the others, but couldn't. I wanted to shout, "Wait!" but the word would not come. An excruciating pain shot through my right knee. The earth around me seemed alive as bullets thudded into it, throwing up fountains of dust.

The pain grew more and more intense until I could hold out no longer. Then I slipped into unconsciousness....

An unknown number of hours later I awoke beneath a setting sun. I forced open my eyes. My head throbbed. Shakily I put my fingers to my face to find that it was caked with blood.

The sickly taste of blood was in my mouth. I had to have a drink.

Gradually my surroundings came into focus. In the fading light I could see my hat and water bottle beside me. I reached for the bottle and gulped greedily at the warm, rank liquid.

I raised myself slightly to look about. I lay behind a rock which was at the edge of a road. Nearby stood a soldier with a rifle at his side. With an effort of concentration I stared at him. Then the dreadful realization came to me. His soft-peaked cap and slanting eyes could mean only one thing. He was a Jap.

"Oh, God!" I cried aloud. "I am a prisoner." And I knew that to be a prisoner of the Japs, particularly with wounds like mine, was almost as good as a death sentence.

After that, in my despair and in the weakness induced by semi-starvation and my wounds, time ceased to mean anything to me. I went through long periods of unconsciousness.

By exploring with my fingers I discovered that a Jap bullet had hit my

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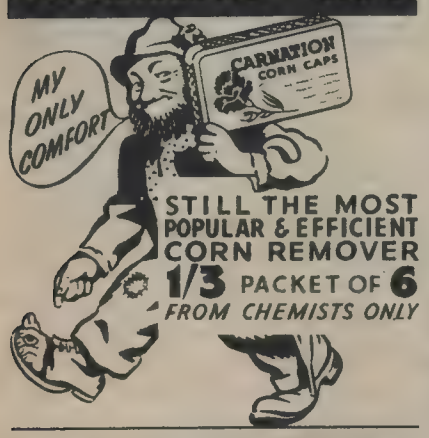

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"Know where I left our jackets and the sandwiches?"

right leg an inch below the knee. The wound was only a flesh one, but it had caused me to lose a lot of blood.

I lapsed into oblivion so deep that when I awoke, many hours later, I discovered that I had been moved to a village. My hands were tied behind me.

This time I was lying on the ground beneath a low roof of bamboo slats and leaves. My sentry stood up. An officer was approaching. The officer was immaculate, from his cap and tight-buttoned tunic to his well-polished riding boots. Slowly, he studied every inch of me. Then, his scrutiny over, he took a step back and rapped out an order. My guard laid his rifle on the ground, and pulled me to my feet. The officer reached out to touch the black cloth pip which he could now see on my shoulder.

"Officer?" he asked in English.

I nodded.

The officer turned and started to walk away. But he suddenly remembered something, wheeled and, shouted an order to the guard.

By now, I had collapsed back on the ground again. The guard came and stood astride me. With a flourish, he whipped his bayonet from its scabbard. He did this so quickly that although I was convinced that he was going to butcher me I did not have time to be afraid.

I saw the flash of the sun on the bayonet as it plunged down, missing my throat by inches. The Jap grinned, knowing what I had been thinking. Having greatly enjoyed his joke, he bent down and severed my bonds.

I slept again. It was broad daylight when eventually I returned to full consciousness. I was bouncing about in the back of a captured British truck. Only my guard was with me.

All through the heat of that day the truck drove on. My guard was quite friendly. By signs and a few words he managed to tell me that we were on our way to Kalewa, a town on the Chindwin river. From Kalewa, I was to be transported by sampan to Rangoon.

This news confirmed my fears that, for as long as the truck journey continued, more and more miles were being put between me and my goal. I had hoped to cross the Chindwin fifty miles north of Kalewa. The Chindwin was my last big natural hazard. On the far side of it lay India—and freedom.

Just as night fell, we swung off the road and entered a small village. I was hauled from the truck, my water bottle in my hand, and dragged into a hut. The truck had stopped for the night.

Again I dozed. When I next awoke, it was to the sound of a lorry approaching. My guard was already awake.

The lorry stopped in the nearby village. Immediately I heard Japanese soldiers climbing out of it. Then from the distance came a burst of machine-gun fire. It was answered by the noise of rifles. Somewhere, a battle between Japs and Chindits was in progress.

The authoritative voice of a Jap officer echoed towards the hut and my guard pulled on his equipment and ran out.

At least a platoon of Japs had arrived in the lorry and were now forming up in four ranks. My guard was talking to the officer and pointing in my direction. But the officer merely made a deprecating gesture with his hands, apparently to emphasize that I wasn't worth bothering about, and went on giving orders. In a few moments the platoon had vanished, taking my guard with them.

I was alone. There was no one in sight. Was this my chance to escape? Had I the strength to get clear before my disappearance was noticed? Without doubt there were still a few Japs left in the village.

I decided that the risk had to be taken.

Unsteadily, I got to my feet, clinging to the doorway for support. My wounds did not hurt as much as I had expected. Spurred on by the prospect of freedom I staggered across the twenty-five yards of open ground which separated the hut from the jungle.

To my astonishment, I reached the jungle without being seen. No alarm was raised. After the briefest pause to regain my breath I made my way along a succession of tracks until I came to one which led up the side of a steep mountain.

Up and up I went, clawing at rocks and trees. Only then did I begin to be conscious that my newly wounded leg was aching abominably. It ached until I felt the flesh covering it snap. A warm trickle down my leg told me that the wound had opened. The ache ceased. I kept on going.

EVENTUALLY I came to the top of a ridge. Far below me I saw the headlights of a lorry threading through the trees. I wondered if my guard was on board. Had he discovered my escape and alerted the Japs remaining in the village?

I dismissed the matter. That was the Japs' problem. Mine was to press on to the Chindwin.

Later that night, I wandered off the track into a thicket of bamboo and slept from the moment I lay down. When I awoke the sun was already up, though it was not yet hot enough to be unpleasant.

As I opened my eyes I sensed that the jungle around me was strangely tense and hushed. Then I heard a distant rumbling.

I realized with foreboding that it was the thunder that heralded the monsoon.

How long off is the monsoon? I wondered. I had lost count of days since being captured. Was there time enough for me to reach the Chindwin before the rains turned it into an impassable barrier?

I set off at once, marching with all my remaining strength, unarmed and without food, drink, map or compass.

NEXT WEEK: I stalk an enemy sniper beyond the Chindwin river

Emergency call

Continued from page 17

looked round. Then he came clambering down the steep path to the little jetty where the motor-boat lay.

Meredith took a great breath of relief. He could see Hughes cranking the engine. The man was working like a maniac—stoop and pull, stoop and pull. After several minutes he stopped, exhausted. The engine had not started.

He tried again and again. Then Meredith saw him straighten. For an instant they gazed at each other. Then Hughes dropped the starting handle and jumped for shore. He went clambering up the path, back to his wife.

Helpless, Meredith watched Hughes until he was out of sight. Then he stared at the stretch of water between him and the island. It was crazy to swim with *that* in the channel; but he knew he was going to do it.

He tried to tell himself that the odds were in his favour. It was a long channel and if he waited until the brute had reached the top end he could get across easily. In any case, he had got himself into this spot and now he'd got to get out. His job lay over there on the island, and that was where he was going, Orca or no Orca.

But he wished he could see it. Where was it now?

He knew it had to breathe, and he scanned the channel anxiously. But while he was looking in one direction he was painfully aware that it might be surfacing somewhere else. Only the snort gave it away, but at this distance the sound would be muffled by the waves.

He stepped into the water and felt the tide pull strongly at his legs. That day a new life would come to the island. Life and death, death and life . . . the timeless pattern. Only he didn't want to die; not today, not now, not with so much to do.

He took a deep breath and plunged in, and the sea thudded in his ears. He shot forward, cleaving a fast passage with long, rhythmic strokes. All the world was water; water surging and hissing into his face, brine bitter in his mouth, the liquid sleekness of a billion particles slipping against his body. He was thoughtless now, lost in his tremendous effort, simply a swimming mechanism. Fear had left him.

As his face came up he saw that he was a quarter of the way across the channel; then more than a quarter; nearly half. . . .

The distance became interminable, his limbs leaden. He was not a sprint swimmer and this was terrible. The tide was flowing strongly now and was carrying him with it. The run of the water had him like a cork, sweeping him along, foot by foot, even as he fought against it. He changed direction and struggled mightily. Blood was drumming in his head and he could no longer see what lay ahead.

But he could hear well enough, and the explosive grunt of the grampus, underwater, sounded hollow and deep—death speaking in drum-like undertones. His strength was spent. Yet, by making himself visualize two rows of grinning ivory pegs gaping at his heels like a vast gin-trap, he found within himself a last flurry of nervous energy.

Now he could see the jetty and the motor-boat ahead. His legs threshed as he closed with the boat, his hand reaching, clawing at it. His fingers touched the rudder, slipped, then held.

The water surged powerfully as a black, curved dorsal fin broke surface beside him. He clung to the boat, spent, almost insensible, while the grampus surged past. From a great distance he could hear it grunt mockingly. . . .

Meredith got up to the house and leaned against the doorway until Hughes's startled face came and peered down at him over the bannister of the stairs.

"Doctor! Good God, man! What's happened?"

Meredith passed a hand over his face. "Never mind that now. Give me a coat to wear until I can get my clothes. How is she?"

Hughes's face seemed to be touched with a sort of awe as he said: "Doctor *back*, I don't know for sure, but I think . . . I think. . . ."

Meredith grabbed a raincoat off a peg and pushed past the farmer as he slipped it on.

It was early evening before he had an opportunity to take the raincoat off and dress himself in his own clothes, which Hughes had brought up from the beach.

He came down into the slate-floored kitchen. Hughes and his daughter were waiting for him there. The farmer had his arm round the girl, and both their faces were alight with excitement and happiness.

"Well!" Hughes said. "Well, indeed! A boy and a girl! I would never have believed it."

"Your wife's fine, but, personally, I'm dead beat," Meredith said. "If you could get that boat of yours going I'd very much like to go ashore." He had not told Hughes about the grampus; he wanted to hide the terror of that episode within himself. He let Hughes believe that he had had cramp. . . .

"She's all ready," Hughes said. "I've been down and cleaned the plugs. The engine should be taken apart and decarbonized. But all this took me unawares."

Meredith smiled and turned to the door. He remembered something now—he had been going to give Hughes a piece of his mind. But he had learned a sharp lesson since then.

Sitting in his surgery, with a neat tray of cards before him, it was easy to point at them and say that patients ought to do this or that. One tended to forget that people had difficulties. Things cropped up, like sulky boat engines.

And doctors, too, had their plans thrown awry.

He clapped Hughes on the shoulder. "We all get taken unawares sometimes," he said cheerfully, "but then we wouldn't be human if we weren't.

THE END

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D8S4H

Sandy was a soldier's boy

Continued from page 14

touched alcohol in any form, not even in cough medicine.

She went through the door to Altnadean P.O. and sweetie shop, and Dad said, with his straightest face: "My! Auntie Ethel is a smashing dancer." And Mum said: "Now, now, Donald." And in a minute Auntie Ethel came back with a quarter of a pound of super-creamy caramels for Sandy, which made up for being jigged about the floor. "Och, thanks, Auntie Ethel," Sandy said.

He thought in bed that every day seemed stranger, and this was the strangest up to now. People were singing in the street of Altnadean. Sandy guessed that people would be singing for the joy of no Giant War through all the land; and he was right.

On Friday things were back to normal, and Smodger in his Den. "... So there I was," said Smodger, putting polish on the colonel's mess-kit buttons. "So there I was, bound hand and foot, flat on me back in the dead of night—the squeakin', the scratchin', the ticklin' whiskers on the fice. You ever had a hundred starvin' rats athirstin' for yer blood?"

Sandy and Sheila shook their heads.

"One move, and they'd tear me limb from limb as sure as onions. So I lay the whole night through, sufferin' the tickly tortures of the damned until first light, and I could see the beady eyes all round me, and I slipped the wrist bonds, and hand on knife, I waited.

"Sure enough, the biggest, boldest feller of the lot, size of a tomcat, bigger—he couldn't stand it not a moment longer, prowled over to me on murder bent. Know what I did? I spiked 'im through with a lightning thrust, and I threw 'im squealing to the mob. That got it started. Then wot a schemozzle of rat eat rat till only one was left alive, and him I spiked. . . .

"I piled the corpses squelchin' high and that gave me precious height to climb. So when the blighters came for Smodger's bones, the wily Smodger bird had flown."

Smodger took in the long slow breath and let it out in the long slow whistle. He finished polishing. "Well, that's his top half bright and beautiful," said Smodger. He took the colonel's scarlet jacket with the absolutely gleaming buttons and hung it on a hanger on the table. "Now for his centrepiece. Cor, I'm thirsty."

"I'll get you one," said Sheila. She came back with two.

"That's better," Smodger said. He drank one, patted stomach and hid bottles. He cleaned the gold top of the mess sporran. On Smodger's right forearm was the Black Watch badge, with the Black Watch motto underneath: *Nemo me impune lacessit*, which Smodger said meant: *You be nice now, chum, or else*. On Smodger's left forearm was a cobra coiled with flattened hood and darting tongue. Smodger had other tattoos behind his shirt, but they were private, Smodger said.

"*Pack, Smith,*" Smodger said. "*Unpack, Smith. Don't be such a half-wit, Smith. Get cracking, Smith. I shall want my mess-kit, Smith. Smith, you'd better help in the mess this evening.* S'matter of fact," said Smodger, "I like a band night or a guest night. Officers' shindig. Does the flamin' officers good. I like the brass band too, but best of all I like the pipers marchin' round, wot a braw racket in a dining-room. Never seen that, I suppose, eh, Skipper?"

Sandy shook his head. "My dad's to play the pibroch. I'd like fine to watch Dad play the pibroch after dinner."

"Mightn't watch it, but you could hear it. Yes, why not? Smuggle you in. Well, I wonder, though. That Sergeant Urquhart, he could be sticky. Easy as pie if you'd come, mate," he said to Sheila. "No holds barred for the colonel's daughter."

"I have to be in by half-past eight," she said.

"Get an extension, then."

Sheila shook her head. "He wouldn't let me, specially to the mess. I couldn't ask. And Auntie Ab gets fussed if I'm a minute late." Sheila had her Good Look on.

"Scaredy-cat," said Sandy. Sheila's Good Look made him sort of vexed.

"I'm not!" she said.

"Nor she is," said Smodger sternly. "You mind your manners, Skipper."

"Well, not scaredy-cat," said Sandy. "Goody-goody."

"I'm not," she said again. But Sheila was. She couldn't help it. She looked down at her toes, lips tight together. Then she looked up at Sandy quickly like a flash, and said: "All right, I will! I'll come for the first bit, and just be a minute late."

It was time for Sandy to be back at work, but Mr. Mackenzie had no more for him today. "Smodger," he said. "Could I please do the skean-dhu?"

"You don't deserve it, Skipper, not after bein' nasty to the mate. Well, all right, then. But one mark on the black bits, and I'll skin you clean alive."

"Please, can I do the buckles?" Sheila asked.

So Sheila did the buckles on the colonel's evening brogues, and Sandy did the brass or golden parts of the colonel's skean-dhu, which was the small knife officers wore on the right leg tucked into the hose. It had its own small sheath, and it had a cairngorm on the handle-top, and it was as sharp as any razor.

Smodger had the sporran strap to whiten. Then he sat back with McEwan's Strong, while Sandy and Sheila worked away at tricky jobs, but Sandy's was the trickiest, not letting one speck of metal polish get on the black bits in between the gold bits. Sandy finished with the badge on front—St. Andrew and his cross—and that reminded him of the Black Watch badge on Smodger's arm, and that reminded him of the private places Smodger never yet would show.

"Smodger," he said, "could you please give us a special treat because of it being peace again and band night?"

"Wot?" said Smodger. He bottomsed up, patted stomach and hid bottle.

"Could we see your tattoos, the private ones?"

"Oh, yes, please, good old Smodger, please!"

"H'mm!" said Smodger, frowning. "Well, all right. Just the arms, though, mind."

First he unrolled his sleeves, and then he pulled the left one up to the very top, and at the top of Smodger's arm were two bleeding hearts, pierced by an arrow through and through; under one arrow: SMODGER, under the

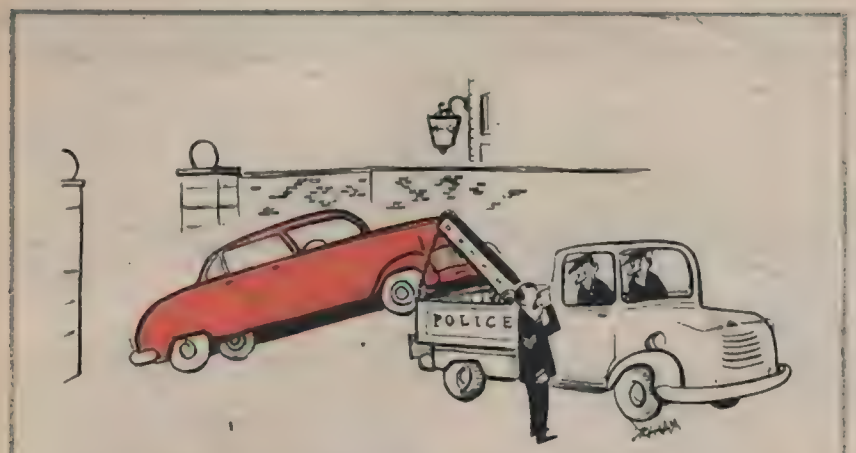
Seaside Town

by MABEL FERRETT

The promenade, serene in the hot sun,
Drops white towards the sea and warm tides sweep,
Indulgently, its base. This is the holiday
Town of candyfloss and shows and middle-aged sleep.

Flowers are planted here. Small fountains spray
In ornamental gardens. Lovers keep
Tryst for a coffee. Fishing boats are still.
The sky is cobalt blue. The pools are deep.

All tides of human folly are absorbed.
Newspapers sink unread. World crises stalk
Dangerously through a vacuum. Cameras click
On homelier things—for firelit nights and talk.



"Tow it straight back, you fool! It's the chief constable's"

other: ANGIE, and under Angie, in a downward row, were: MOIRA, KATE, MEG, JENNY.

"That's that one," Smodger said.

He showed the other. There were two bleeding hearts, pierced by an arrow through and through; under one arrow: SMODGER, under the other: MARGIE, and under Margie, in a downward row, were: AVVY, VIRGIE, SUSIE, CARRY, JILL.

"Love," said Smodger with a sort of shiver.

Soapy love-stuff, disappointing, but be careful not to put old Smodger off. "That's an awful lot of ladies," Sandy said.

"Pick of a lifetime," Smodger said. He sighed, and both his sleeves hung down.

"Are you thirsty, Smodger?" Sheila asked.

"Well," he said. "Not parched, but willing." Sheila brought a McEwan's Strong. "That's all we dare, I think," she said. "Auntie Ab keeps grumbling."

Sandy frowned at Sheila. Even the mention of Miss Abigail could wreck it. Smodger bottomsed up, patted stomach and hid bottle.

"Please, Smodger, couldn't you please just this one single time for us? We promise we won't ever tell."

"Grumble!" Smodger growled. "Wot's she got to grumble at? A slave, that's wot I am."

You never could tell with Smodger, really, any more than you could tell with Miss Abigail. This time it worked the other way. Smodger was so cross that his shirt skipped over his head in half a jiffy, and there stood good old Smodger in his birthday suit down to the waist.

Sandy gasped and Sheila gasped. On Smodger's chest was the loveliest muscle-man you ever saw. Piano legs, bathing drawers of tiger skin, huge bulges everywhere, neck like a pillar, arms bent back to show the biceps, big as footballs.

"Wot do you think of that?" asked Smodger proudly. "I went through hell for him, the needles."

"Gosh!" was all that they could say. And then Sandy thought that the most terrific thing was how a pretty small and skinny man like good old Smodger could have the biggest muscle-man in all the world there on his chest.

"Turn round, please, Smodger. Then we won't ask for any more, we promise."

But Smodger said, "No." And from the way he said it, backed against the wall, you knew that good old Smodger would not change his mind. "If it was just you, Skipper, well, I might consider. But I got my principles. And one is: never show a lady wot she never dreamed about. Sorry, Skipper, I'm not showing you what I couldn't show the mate."

Sandy thought of it: he remembered the hero in a film, just cornered, and he saves himself by shouting. . . .

"Watch out, Smodger!" Sandy cried. "Rat on the cupboard! Ooh, watch out!"

Smodger hated rats, well, no wonder, with the night he spent. He forgot about his principles. He jumped round like a flash of lightning. No rat. "You pulled a fast one on me, Skipper," Smodger said, not angry, glad there was no rat.

On Smodger's back was the loveliest muscle-lady anybody ever saw. She wore a bathing suit, two-piece, but the pieces were not very big. She bulged every which way, often different from the muscle-man. She was terrific, every inch a lady.

"Gosh!" was all that they could say. And then Sandy thought that the most terrific thing was how a small and pretty skinny man like good old Smodger could have the biggest muscle-lady in the world there on his back. Actually, she was still bigger than the muscle-man, because any man's back is bigger than his front.

"I went through hell for her," said Smodger simply. "Fat lot o' good she ever done, crickin' me neck to the lookin' glass."

"Someone's coming," Sandy hissed. "Sounds like Miss Abigail." It did, clippety-clip along the kitchen passage.

Smodger did not move. "You can get me once. Not twice, though, Skipper." And Smodger continued

PRIDE—2

It is not a sign of humility to declaim against pride.

Proverb

thoughtfully: "Bin takin' a scunner to her lately. Bin wondering why, and now I know." Then Smodger snarled: "'Er Abigail-nibs, that's who it is—the woman on me back."

The door had opened, and Miss Abigail was here. She stood and stared at good old Smodger's back. Sandy would have expected Miss Abigail to scream, but nothing changed about Miss Abigail except that she bit her lip, and her face went rather red.

Smodger had been snarling, so he never heard the door. He turned round to put on his shirt. That showed the muscle-man to Miss Abigail, and it showed Miss Abigail to Smodger. Then Smodger looked as if the muscle-man and muscle-lady, both, had punched him on the jaw.

"Thank you, Private Smith," said Miss Abigail in her wickedest honey tones. "I am most honoured to be the backbone of your great collection. The pictures are framed so beautifully, too." She sniffed. There was quite a beery smell in good old Smodger's Den. "Sheila, could you spare me a moment after closing time?" Miss Abigail went out.

So Miss Abigail really got her own back, and that put Smodger in a terrible mood again. "Beat it!"

Sandy and Sheila beat. . . .

Sergeant Urquhart was none too pleased to see them, what with having packed his silver up for war, and then unpacked most of it for band night. But good old Smodger persuaded him: "They're a grand pair of workers, Sergeant," Smodger said. "You're

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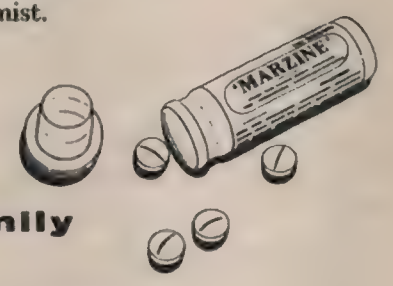

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short-handed. You could use them, Sergeant, fillin' jiggers, or the like."

"My whisky might be safe with them," said Sergeant Urquhart nastily to Smodger. Sergeant Urquhart had everybody on the hop tonight, even Smodger, which was something. "None o' your mischief, mind," he said to Sandy, because of Sandy's reputation.

"Och, no," Sandy said. "You won't let on to Dad, though, will you, Sergeant?"

"He'll not see you."

So Sandy and Sheila were smuggled in. Their room was between the kitchen and the dining-room. It was a pantry place, for ladling soup and pouring drinks and so on, hurry-scurry, waiters back and forth. Smodger kept everyone in fits the things he said, mostly about the something officers, except he had to mind his p's and q's with Sergeant Urquhart, who didn't look much until he bit your head off.

The waiters would wipe Smodger laughs from off their faces, push through the swing door with solemn faces, and the officers' talk, the jumble of men's voices, would be loud till the swing door closed again.

It was not a special celebration, just a band night when all the officers had to be in to dinner. Guest nights were something else again. But this was special in a way, because war had seemed so close.

The officers had a lovely dinner; hare soup, cold salmon, steak with fresh mushrooms from the glen; then raspberry tarts and cream. It made your mouth water, even to read it on the menu; then more so when you saw it coming through.

But Sandy and Sheila had a job, which was to pour the whisky into what Smodger called the jiggers—they were glass measures, shaped like cones with handles and silver lids, and each one held a muckle dram for any officer who wanted it. "Pour what's ordered, and mark them on the list," said Sergeant Urquhart. "No spilling, mind." He was strict about it.

It was after soup-time that Smodger took the orders: "Claret for the colonel, Sergeant," Smodger said. "Four jiggers, Skipper." Sheila got the jiggers from the shelf behind, and Sandy filled them carefully, all the same distance to the very neck. He did not spill a single drop.

Sergeant Urquhart knew about claret for the colonel, so he had it ready. He poured a dark red thimbleful into a glass, sniffed and sipped, swilled it round about and swallowed it. "Tasted worrse," said Sergeant Urquhart, frowning. He took the colonel's claret to the colonel.

"Five jiggers, Skipper," Smodger said. "For him and him and him and him and him." And Sandy marked them on the list. And then another four, and that was all the whisky—officers served whisky in the dining-room beyond the door. "I do wish we could have a peek," said Sheila.

"Me, too," Sandy said. The military band was playing in the garden on the side away from here. It was steak time in the dining-room, less talk. Sandy knew the tune the band was playing, a good old lilting tune, a favourite of the officers, and it was called "In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree," and it gave Sandy one of his most brilliant brainwaves. "Sheila! Ken yon apple tree?"

Sheila knew it, the fine, twisted grandfather of an apple, shading the end window of the dining-room. "Ay," she said.

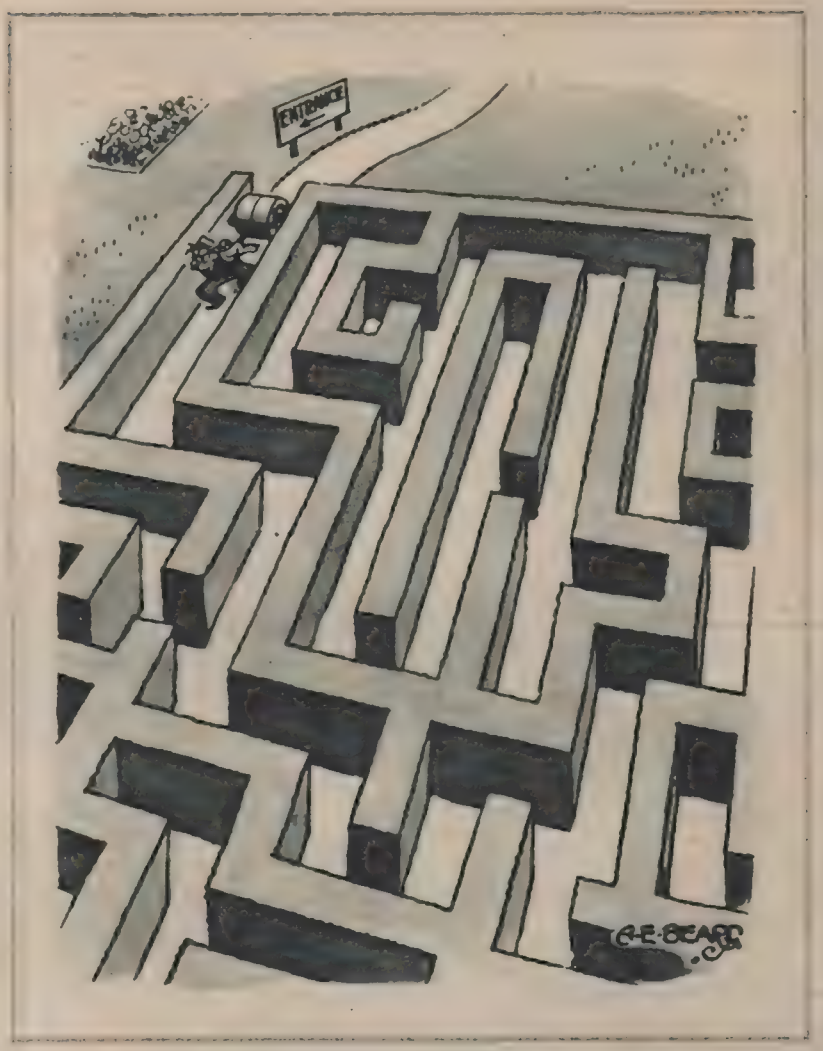
"We'll sneak out the door and climb the tree and watch from there and nobody'll see us."

"Och, Sandy!" She looked at her watch with an anxious look, reminded. "It's twenty-five to nine already. I'll have to be getting back."

"What's it matter, being late the once?"

"Auntie Ab gets awfully fussed."

Sandy thought again about the apple tree, the watching place to be with Sheila, and both of them could watch Dad play the pibroch. "You're the one gets fussed," he said. "Awa' hame to bed then, Missie Fussie



Sheila." It wasn't nice, the way he said it.

Sheila glared at him, but here was good old Smodger. "H'mm," he said. "First time I've seen the light of battle in the Mate's blue eye. What's up?"

Sandy and Sheila did not speak.

Smodger looked at Sandy. "One of these days she'll cop you with a marlin spike, and serve you right. Say you're sorry to the Mate." Smodger was quite stern. It was the first time, too, that Smodger had seemed like a grown-up in his ways.

"Sorry," Sandy muttered, because Smodger meant it, and because Sheila was always decent, and perhaps he had not been too nice to her.

"One more jigger," Smodger said.

Sheila gave Sandy one. He filled it, not spilling a single drop. "Who am I to mark it up to?" Sandy asked.

"Mess guests," Smodger said. And then he winked at them. "Me own special wine-waiter's treat for afterwards, with sergeant's love. There, chum, right beside the cruet, where I'll find it." Smodger put his two hands near his mouth, like tipping a cup, and Smodger smacked his lips, loud smack, and went away, and here was Sergeant Urquhart, from lighting candles in the dining-room.

"There was thirteen down to the officers' names," said Sandy, barman. "And the one to mess guests, Sergeant." He did not say "Smodger's one." But Smodger's treat seemed to be all right with the sergeant, and then he put his measuring stick against the second bottle of whisky. "Correct," he said. "Not too bad," he said to them, and went to see about the raspberry tarts and cream. Sergeant Urquhart never said better than *not too bad*, so they were pleased.

They were alone in here again. "I say, Sandy," Sheila whispered. "I've thought of a wonderful trick to play on good old Smodger. Look!" She took a yellowy bottle from the cruet, and she took a jigger from the shelf behind her, and she filled the jigger from the bottle, and the colour was almost just the same. She put the second one in exactly the place the first had been, and hid the first one close behind the cruet.

"What's yon stuff?" he asked. He was a bit bamboozled at Sheila playing tricks on anyone, but of course it was only on good old Smodger.

"Vinegar!" she said, eyes shining. "He'll take a first taste of his dram, and then he'll know all right. Gosh, think of it! But then he'll find the real one. Come on! Let's climb the apple tree."

Sandy stared at her. Everything was all surprises. And a big surprise was Sheila gone wild all of a sudden. A bigger surprise was the next thing she said: "Missy Fussy Sandy! Scaredy-cat! Goody-goody, are you coming?"

People had called him lots of things, but never those sort of things before. Sandy swallowed.

"You think you're the only one," she hissed at him. "You think Sandy McBain is everything. That's what you think!"

Smodger had come in. "Give 'im hell, Mate, that's the ticket."

"We're climbing up the apple tree to watch," she said to Smodger, as if it had been her idea first, not Sandy's.

They went by the side door and stalked round. It was an easy tree to climb. The sun had set, and it was gloaming now, and they had grandstand seats to watch the officers at dinner at the long, dark table with silver gleaming on it and reflected deep in it from candlelight. *What's come over Sheila*, Sandy thought, pushing leaves apart to get a better view through the open top-half of the window. Then he forgot about Sheila's sudden daftness as he watched and listened, but he could not hear the words they spoke. He heard the rumble of men's voices, the rise and fall of laughter, and some of them sat silent, and all of them wore scarlet and the kilt.

There was a young officer at this end, his back to the window and the apple tree. The battalion colours were behind him on the wall. An older officer sat at the far end of the table beyond silver and glass and candlesticks and dark mahogany. He faced Sandy and Sheila in the apple tree, but he would not see them. None of the officers in the two long-seated lines would see from candlelight into the gloaming.

The colonel sat in the middle on the left. He talked, holding his wine glass on the table by the stem, turning it slowly in his fingers, looking at the dark red wine, and thinking. He took a sip and put it down and talked again and listened. Then the colonel laughed—boom, like a cannon going off; not the sound of it, the suddenness. The colonel was a loud and quiet, unexpected kind of man. If the colonel felt like standing on his head—he stood. One day Sandy found him in the garden, doing that. "Hail Kinyucher," said the colonel, upside down. . . .

The colonel sat quietly again, big beak, hard jaw and wrinkled eye. The waiter cleared the table, brushed off crumbs, put fruit plates, knives and forks and finger bowls before the officers, and all the officers moved finger bowls from plate to table. Now smaller glasses, now another wine in every glass. Port, they called it, Sandy remembered from the pantry.

The officer at the far end of the table stood. "Mr. Vice," he said. "The Queen!"

The young officer with his back to the window stood, and all the officers were standing to attention, and the band was playing, and then the young officer said: "Gentlemen, the Queen!"

The officers drank to their Queen, and sat again, and smokers started puffing happily at cigarettes, and Sergeant Urquhart held the lighter to the colonel's big cigar. Blue smoke curled up about the dinner table. A wind puffed from the north, stirring the leaves of the apple tree where Sandy and Sheila sat as quietly as mice, stirring smoke and candles in the dining-room.

Now came the sound that Sandy had been waiting for, and the door at the far right corner of the room was open, and the pipers came, six pipers led by Pipe Major Donald McBain. It was a mighty sound, the pipers playing in the dining-room, marching round the dining-room. It was a thing to see, green of doublet, red of kilt and red of plaid, black and white of sporran, sparkling ornament, black feather bonnet and red hackle.

Sandy's father carried the pipe banner of the Queen—the mother of the young Queen of the toast—Colonel-in-chief of The Black Watch, Royal Highland Regiment. Sandy's father led his pipers round his officers, who talked and watched and listened, sitting, while mighty music filled the room.

"Mate!" It was good old Smodger, underneath the apple tree, shouting against the pipes. "She phoned in a tizzy about where you was. Wanted to get the colonel on the line, some cheek, and the colonel at his dinner! Quick now, Mate, I'll have to run you up."

"Oh, gosh!" said Sheila. "Oh gosh, how awful, I forgot. I forgot all about the time and everything." She climbed down and ran with Smodger, didn't say good night.

So that was over. Coffee came, and the stuff they called liqueurs, in huge glasses or in tiny glasses. Now Sandy watched alone. The north wind blew about him in the apple tree. It was a chilly wind, a change of weather on the way at last.

There was a change, too, in the dining-room, as the pipe major came alone. There was a hush. The officers sat silent for the pibroch.

The "Lament For The Children" was the pibroch for tonight. Sandy knew it, that lonely, lovely tune with hardly a tune at all, a lament for comrades dead. Three times, four times, Sandy watched his father circle his officers at the table—the handsome officers, the plain; the carefree officers, the sobersides; the clever officers, the dull; the young officers, the old. The pipe major played his death-slow

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PRIDE—3

Though pride is not a virtue, it is the parent of many virtues.

Charles Collins

pibroch for the officers who sat together, each alone.

The pipe major halted, playing. The grace notes throbbed and sobbed. He moved again, square and noble at his pibroch, to swing behind the colonel's chair, to finish The Lament.

The north wind stirred and fell away. There was silence in the dining-room. The officers were watching him. He reached for his pipes, gathered them with hollow clunk, handed them to Sergeant Urquhart.

The colonel poured from silver-topped glass measure into silver *quaich* on silver tray. He took the *quaich* in the fingers of his hand, and turned and offered it.

THE pipe major took the *quaich*, a handle in each hand. He raised the *quaich*. Now he would drain the fiery whisky from the *quaich*, and he would smack his lips, famous pipe major's SMACK of lips.

But the pipe major did not do that. He stood for perhaps two seconds with the *quaich* before his mouth, and then he lowered it, and gravely, with no expression in his face, returned the *quaich*, untouched, to the colonel.

Silence in the dining-room.

"Get whisky!"

It was only then that Alexander Donald Kilconquhar McBain knew the terrible thing that must have happened. Smodger, winking: *Me own special wine-waiter's treat for afterwards with sergeant's love.* Sheila, eyes shining: *I've thought of a wonderful trick to play on good old Smodger.*

The *quaich* came back, with another measure. The colonel filled the *quaich*, and offered it. "I apologize, Pipe Major," said the colonel.

The pipe major drained the *quaich*, smacked his lips, famous pipe major's SMACK of lips, kissed the bottom of the *quaich*, returned it, took one pace to the rear, accepted his pipes, turned left, marched out. The colonel summoned Sergeant Urquhart. Nobody else spoke in the dining-room. Sergeant Urquhart's face was pale. He whispered to the colonel. Sergeant Urquhart went away.

Poor Sheila, poor Sandy thought. She never meant to do a thing like you. . . .

"Come down out o' that," said Sergeant Urquhart.

Sandy climbed down from the apple tree. He was muddled in his mind.

"You're a disgrace to your dad," said Sergeant Urquhart.

"I never . . ." Sandy began to say, and stopped. If he said about

Smodger, that was Smodger in trouble. If he said about Sheila, that was Sheila in trouble. If he said it wasn't him. . . . Whatever he said would be telling tales. *Don't tell tales,* was a rule of his father's, the pipe major. But surely this was different.

Then Sandy saw a sudden picture of a big, grand fellow in the sunlight on the hill. What would Geordie do? asked Sandy to his troubled self. Geordie wouldn't say, was Sandy's answer to his troubled self.

"*You never meant it,*" Sergeant Urquhart said. "No, you never mean it when it's done. In all my service. . . ." Sergeant Urquhart stopped talking. He had Sandy by the arm. He hustled him.

The wind blew colder from the north. The sky was cloudy. Night had fallen early. Sandy shivered in the wind. He went on shivering inside the building. He clenched his teeth to try to stop himself.

"Bide here!" said Sergeant Urquhart. "I'll see you later."

Sandy waited in the room. It was small, with three cloth-covered tables and hard chairs. He heard the pipers play a set. He thought about the terrible thing he had not done, but he could not think. The band was playing, and it stopped too suddenly.

"Where the devil have you been, Smith?" It was the colonel's voice outside.

"Had to run a message, sir," said Smodger. *Run a message,* not tell tales on Sheila.

"Go to the house and pack our kit. Get changed yourself. I'll be up in half an hour."

"Verragood, sir," Smodger said. "Trouble, sir?" asked Smodger quietly in his nothing - could - surprise - old - Smodger sort of way.

"Better say a night scheme," said the colonel. "And Smith! Ask them to tell the adjutant I'm waiting for him in the card-room."

"Verragood, sir," Smodger said. And a thought that Sandy had, in

PRIDE—4

If we had no pride ourselves we would not lament that of others.

La Rochefoucauld

among the muddle of his thoughts, was that Smodger had been Scotch so long he talked half like a Scotsman.

The door opened. The colonel stared at Sandy. He came in. "What are you doing here?"

"The sergeant said to wait, sir," Sandy said.

The colonel sat down and smoothed his sporran and crossed his knees, right knee over left. The skean-dhu was gleaming in his hose, diced red and black. The golden buckles on his shoes were gleaming. The colonel's cigar was halfway smoked. He puffed, and the rich smell came to Sandy. "I understand that you were responsible for the vinegar?" the colonel said. It was a question, but the colonel did not ask it in his kindly voice.

Sandy could not say Sheila. He could not say Smodger. He did not answer the colonel's question. He looked at the colonel, whose face was strange to him, and hard.

Sandy closed his lips tight shut. He looked at a place on the floor where two planks joined untidily. The colonel rose and stood above him. Sandy shifted on his feet. Tell the whole truth to the colonel?

"Silly little boy," the colonel said. "How dare you make us insult your father!" And then the colonel said: "You let the regiment down."

It wasn't me, he had been going to say. He had to say. He would say, telling tales or not. But: *Silly little boy. How dare you make us insult your father! You let the regiment down.* Sandy's demon growled. He stared at the floor where two planks joined untidily. His demon roared in him.

The door opened. It was the adjutant. He shut the door. He glanced at Sandy, and ignored him. He had a paper in his hand. "This was the message on the teletype, sir."

The colonel read it. There was a something, a sort of electric tightness in the air that made Sandy watch the colonel read. His face showed nothing. The window rattled in the wind, and through the wind came a bugle call. It was "Orderly Sergeants." The notes of the bugle were so clear and sweet in tone and each one separate all together down in the valley of Altnadean that Sandy knew the bugler must be Drummer Strachan. Sandy was a soldier's boy.

"Half-baked idiots!" the colonel said, but quietly to himself. "Await further orders! Await further orders and be too late."

Then he noticed Sandy. He noticed him as you might notice a slug or something in the garden. "Go home," the colonel said. He spoke clipped and fast to the adjutant.

The silly little boy went home. His mother waited for him. "Go up to your bed," his mother said, and that was all she said. The pipe major had told her what Sandy did, but Sandy had not done it.

To be concluded next week

Boys on the spree

Continued from page 15

Stevens. "He started two years ago, and when I last heard of him in May he had only just cleared the Belgian Congo."

A party of Swiss Sea Scouts wanted to emulate the Finns who travelled by canoe to the Hungarian jamboree in 1933. Explaining that they lack salt-water sailing experience in Switzerland, the Sea Scouts asked for permission to arrive at the jamboree by yacht. Stevens suggested that land-locked Sutton Park would present too much of a navigational problem.

Most of the Scouts have brought their own tents, although a Canadian Eskimo troop has insisted on using an igloo. Advised about the short life of ice during an English summer, the troop leader compromised by securing an inflatable igloo of ice-coloured rubber.

Stevens has bought several hundredweights of straw for African Scouts wanting to make their traditional grass huts. He also acquired a bundle of long stakes for Scouts coming from the Malayan swamps. Despite Stevens's assurances about the absence of snakes and crocodiles in Sutton Park, they intend to make themselves at home by erecting their tents above the ground on ten-foot stilts, getting in and out by ladder.

Chinese Scouts from Formosa casually mentioned last month that they would be bringing a tiger for their national display. Stevens foresaw complications with a wild animal in the jamboree and suggested some other act. The Chinese hurriedly explained that the "tiger" is a canvas contraption enclosing six of their number, who manipulate its grotesque, three-foot wide papier mâché head. The highlight of the performance comes when the tiger "swallows" its tamer whole.

Confident that the Scouts can entertain their visitors, Stevens has tried to attract public interest with prestige features.

Several months ago he decided to borrow one of the giant triumphal arches which spanned the Mall for the Coronation, and to use it as the main entrance to the jamboree. The Ministry of Works was willing to help and he was shown a four-legged Coronation arch, lying in pieces in a South London storeyard. But Stevens left without his gimmick when he learned that it would cost £5,000 to get the arch and transport it to Sutton Park.

Back at the site he met a council architect who designed a 56-ft. tall tripod of scaffolding, surmounted by a globe. This has been erected with one foot on each side of the entrance and the other on a traffic island inside the park.

"Goodness knows," says Stevens, "where we would have put the fourth foot of the Coronation arch if we had bought it."

The jamboree faced a big setback when picnic parties started a grass fire which swept to within a few yards of the tented hospital. But working gangs of volunteer Scouts beat off the fire until the fire brigade arrived.

Stevens recruited more emergency patrols when Teddy boy hooligans began to sabotage contractors' equipment during weekends. Walking through a lonely corner of the park at Easter, John Rapley, Stevens's six-foot tall deputy, made a single-handed capture of four Teddy boys he found stoning a stores hut. They were armed with half bricks but listened meekly as Rapley lectured them on their behaviour. At the end, he turned his back on the gang and walked away.

"There was some ugly muttering," he says, "and I half-expected a brick-end about my ears. But they decided to move off the other way. I treated them as children instead of calling the police, both to put them in their place and to avoid giving their pals an excuse for wholesale reprisals on our equipment. Anyway, the Teddy boy nuisance ended abruptly."

As a guard against vandals, Stevens was supplied with vigilante patrols by the Friends of Sutton Park, a seven hundred-strong association which aims to preserve the natural beauty of the former Royal hunting forest, presented to the town by Henry VIII in 1528. The jamboree was invited to Sutton Park by Sutton Coldfield Borough Council. Yet at first many of the Friends opposed the idea because they thought a mass invasion by Scouts would permanently scar their park.

They also complained that it would be contrary to Henry VIII's wishes if the townsfolk had to pay to go into the park during the jamboree. Stevens promptly announced that they would be allowed in free. "But you can pay to park your cars," he added. "Henry VIII never said anything about them."

In his twenty-one years of Scouting, Stevens has organized hundreds of courses for overseas Scouts at the international training centre, Gilwell Park. He has been deputy-chief there for nine years.

In 1953 he visited troops in the Canal Zone to train National Servicemen as Scout leaders. Three years before, he had toured East Africa with the Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan.

"There are no international incidents among Scouts," he says, "because they all have the same interests. But allowances have to be made for the behaviour of certain nationalities."

Scouts at one of Stevens's camps in Epping Forest in 1951 were accused of being litter-louts when pieces of paper were scattered around the camp area. Puzzled by this unusual untidiness, Stevens kept watch and discovered that the paper was deliberately distributed by a Japanese Scout, who was unable to speak any foreign language and had travelled alone to the camp with a label round his neck.

Stevens noticed that there were Japanese characters on the pieces of paper and had them translated. "We found," he says, "that far from wanting to disfigure the forest, the Scout was merely leaving notes for his gods, thanking them for the beauty of his new surroundings." THE END

NEW

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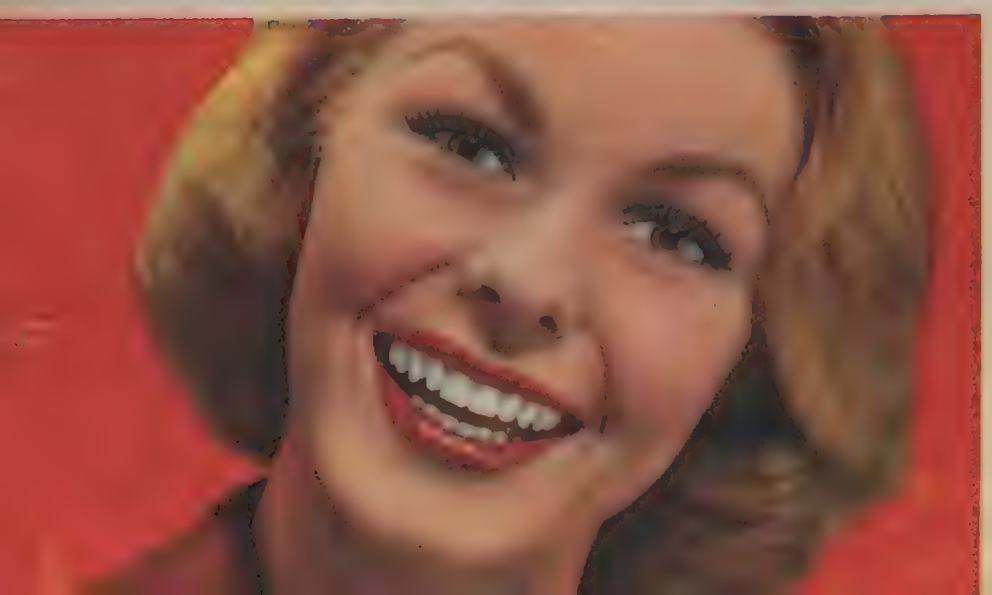

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A seat on the board

Continued from page 7

car, picked up the folder, hesitated, and then tucked it into his briefcase.

By-passing the reception office, he climbed straight upstairs. Barney's secretary looked up from her typewriter and smiled. "Good morning, Mr. Harding. Mr. Ferguson is in. Shall I tell him you're here?"

"No, don't bother." Geoffrey walked across, and opened the door of the inner office. Barney was standing, hands in pockets, looking out of the window. He turned, smiling, and said: "Hallo, Geoffrey. I've been waiting for you. Or should I call you Mr. Harding now?"

Quite suddenly, Geoffrey thought, Barney looked his age. His eyes were heavy-lidded, and the veins were beginning to show in his red face. Geoffrey said quickly: "I hope you'll carry on as you always have done."

"Just the same, this is no social visit. Have a chair."

Geoffrey sat down, nursing his briefcase. "All right, let's get it over, and then go and have a drink together. You write your reports, I read them. What's the story, Barney?"

"Just a bad patch," Barney said defensively.

"Look," Geoffrey said, "all of a sudden you've stopped making progress. If there's any reason, I'm only too anxious——"

"A bad patch," Barney repeated obstinately.

Geoffrey sighed. Barney wasn't going to make it easy. He tried another tack. "I wondered if there was any private trouble. Any way I could help."

For a moment, Barney's expression relaxed, but then his face went stiff again. "Very kind of you. But there isn't."

"I'm not trying to pry," Geoffrey said despairingly. This wasn't going at all the way he'd hoped. "But there must be some reason——"

"My private affairs are no concern of the company's. Or yours," Barney added deliberately.

"All right." Geoffrey leaned forward. He had no choice now. He said bluntly: "You're turning in 'new business' figures that you would have been ashamed to show five years ago. Even one year ago."

Barney's eyes flickered, and he looked away in a hunted fashion.

"Can you tell me the reason?" Geoffrey asked.

Barney shook his head.

"Well," Geoffrey said, "this branch is my pigeon now. If you can't tell me, I've got to find out. Will you help me?"

BARNEY lit a cigarette with unsteady hands. He didn't offer the packet to Geoffrey. "How?" he asked.

Geoffrey snapped open his briefcase, pushed the folder across the desk. He said: "By providing more detailed information on branch activities."

Barney opened the folder, and shuffled through the forms. His face became crimson. "Whose bright idea is this?" he asked bitterly. "Swayne's?"

"Take it easy," Geoffrey said gently. "They are confidential, and will only be read by me. When I can see just how you're operating, I may be able to help."

"You ought to know how I operate," Barney said icily. "You did your training in this office."

Geoffrey said mildly: "It isn't meant to be a permanent scheme. It's just to give additional information—during the bad patch, if you like. As soon as things are back to normal, they can be scrapped."

"That won't be possible, because I'm not going to begin." Barney swivelled his chair, and dropped the forms in the wastepaper basket. He said: "If there's nothing more. . . ."

Geoffrey stood up. He wanted to clear the weighted feeling in his chest by shouting: "Why are you acting like this? What's got into you? For God's sake don't make me have to force the issue." He swallowed and said: "As one old friend to another, give it a trial. Please."

"Friendship and business don't mix. If I receive a formal instruction from the director concerned—you, I suppose—I'll reply accordingly."

Geoffrey stared at him helplessly. "Barney," he said, "this is getting nowhere. Come on. Let's pop across the road. I'll buy you a drink."

Barney looked at him with heavy, veiled eyes. He said: "No, thank you, Mr. Harding. . . ."

It was late when Geoffrey got home that night. He had driven aimlessly from Canterbury, stopping for long periods at the side of the road, smoking and staring out of the car window. He was puzzled, angry, and worried. . . .

For once, wanting reassurance, he told Janet all about it.

"The thing that I hated most," he finished, frowning, "was that Barney seemed to be looking for something to take offence at. It was as if he resented me."

"Of course he resented you," Janet said impatiently. "Barney is glad that you're a director, but it will take him some time to get used to being under you. So, if you tell him you don't want him to complete those silly forms. . . ."

Geoffrey stiffened. "I can't do that now I've put it to him. I can only hope Barney will see sense."

"You can't humiliate him by forcing him to fill them in."

"I'm not doing anything of the kind. If Barney can't tell me what's wrong, I've got to find out, and that's the only way I can see."

Janet sat up straight, away from his arm. "It's ridiculous," she said. "Barney's been a friend for years."

"That's got nothing to do with it. His branch is in trouble. I've got to do something about it."

"But surely it can't be that bad."

"The plain truth is," Geoffrey said heavily, "that it's been let go. If I were managing it, I could show an improvement in four weeks."

"Then why don't you?"

Geoffrey stared. "What?"

"Take it over for a month. Put it back on its feet. I don't see why you shouldn't."

"You can't do things that way," he said, gesturing. "Barney's got to manage his own branch, solve his own problem."

"Well, I think you ought to help him, rather than persist with this stupid pin-pricking."

"There are other branches. Barney is only one of several. Look, darling. . . ."

Janet stood up, and smoothed her dress. Her face was set. "I expect you want something to eat," she said.

"You must let me explain. . . ."

"I don't want to talk about it any more. If a man who's been your friend for years is just one of several now, then I don't understand you any more."

"Darling," Geoffrey said pleadingly, "I've got a job to do."

"Then do it. But don't expect me to reassure you and tell you how right you are. At the moment, I don't like you very much, so we'd better change the subject."

At the end of another week, worried at not hearing from Barney, Geoffrey wrote him a personal memo, asking him, as a favour, to fill in the forms. He tried to make a joke of it. The result looked a little strained even to him. And he got no answer.

The morning that Alverton was due back, he put through a personal telephone call. When he heard Barney's voice, he said: "Are you going to be in today? There must be some way of straightening out this business, and I thought we could have another talk about it."

Barney's voice sounded tired. He said: "There's no need. What you want is in the post."

Geoffrey's secretary came in with a handful of letters. Geoffrey said: "My mail is just coming in. Sorry to bother you, Barney, and I'm glad we've got over it. How's Olive?"

Barney said: "You won't be able to reach me at the office today. There's something I've got to do at home. That's all right I take it?"

"Of course," Geoffrey said, full of relief. "Nothing serious?"

"Nothing we can't get over. Goodbye."

Geoffrey fumbled hurriedly through his mail, until he found an envelope in Barney's handwriting marked *Personal*. He ripped it open, and sat, utterly dazed, as if he had been struck.

It was just a few lines; containing, without explanation, Barney's resignation from the company.

Geoffrey's thoughts were neither clear nor coherent. But one thing was certain beyond doubt. For twenty-five years Barney had served the company faithfully. And now, only six weeks after he, Geoffrey, had been appointed a director, Barney had felt obliged to give up the job he loved.

Geoffrey's whole being revolted at such an outcome. Regardless of what Swayne—or Alverton—said or did, a policy which had such a result must be wrong. Slowly he crumpled up Barney's letter, dropped it in the ashtray, and put a match to it.

He went out into the corridor, round the bend to Swayne's office, and went in. Swayne said: "Later if you don't mind. I'm rather busy."

"I shan't keep you."

Swayne sighed, and put down his pen. He said: "I suppose you know that Alverton is in the building. Have you got Ferguson's reports for him?"

"There aren't any. There won't be any."

"Really? On whose authority?"

"Mine. Furthermore, I am giving Barney Ferguson a month's paid leave of absence. During that time I shall manage his branch myself."

Swayne's eyes glittered. He said: "What a very strange idea!"

"Right or wrong, that's the way it's going to be."

"You realize that you will have to justify this odd scheme?"

"I didn't come in here to discuss it, Swayne," Geoffrey said, cutting him short. "I came to tell you."

He turned, and went out. Alverton next, he thought grimly.

He was going past his office, when his secretary intercepted him. "Mrs. Harding is on the telephone, sir."

Geoffrey swore quietly. He was keyed up for what he had to do, and resented the interruption. Striding into his office, he snatched up the receiver and said: "Yes, Janet?"

"I must see you. I'm downstairs."

"I'm terribly busy. Is it important?"

"Yes, it is."

"All right."

Janet was upset. Disturbed, he took her hands, and said, "What is it?"

"Olive rang me up," Janet said. "I came straight here. I didn't want to talk about it over the telephone. You remember that she's been rather queer lately?"

"Of course."

"It's all come out. It's rather pathetic really. Have you got a cigarette?"

Geoffrey fished into his pocket and struck a match, shielding the flame with his hands. Janet blew the smoke out thankfully.

"Thank you." She looked him full in the eyes, and Geoffrey reflected that it was the first time she had done so for some time. He found himself grateful for this disturbance, whatever it was.

"You know that Barney is nearly fifty, and Olive's only about thirty," Janet said. "You can't blame her really. I'm sure she tried terribly hard, and after all——"

"Hold it," Geoffrey said, groping. "What is this?"

"Olive thought she'd fallen in love

WHY?

MR. JOHNSON was a keen amateur gardener and he had planted in the garden of his house many expensive plants on which he had lavished much care.

But he did not own the house. He was merely a tenant, and finally he moved out.

Shortly before leaving, he went through the garden and took out many of the expensive plants that he had bought. He selected only those which could be transplanted to his new garden, and after digging them up he was careful to tidy up the flower beds and not to leave a mess.

The landlord was most annoyed and sued Johnson for taking away "his" plants.

"This is ridiculous," said Johnson's counsel. "My client paid for all these plants himself and he has not damaged the landlord's land by taking them up. He was merely reclaiming his own property."

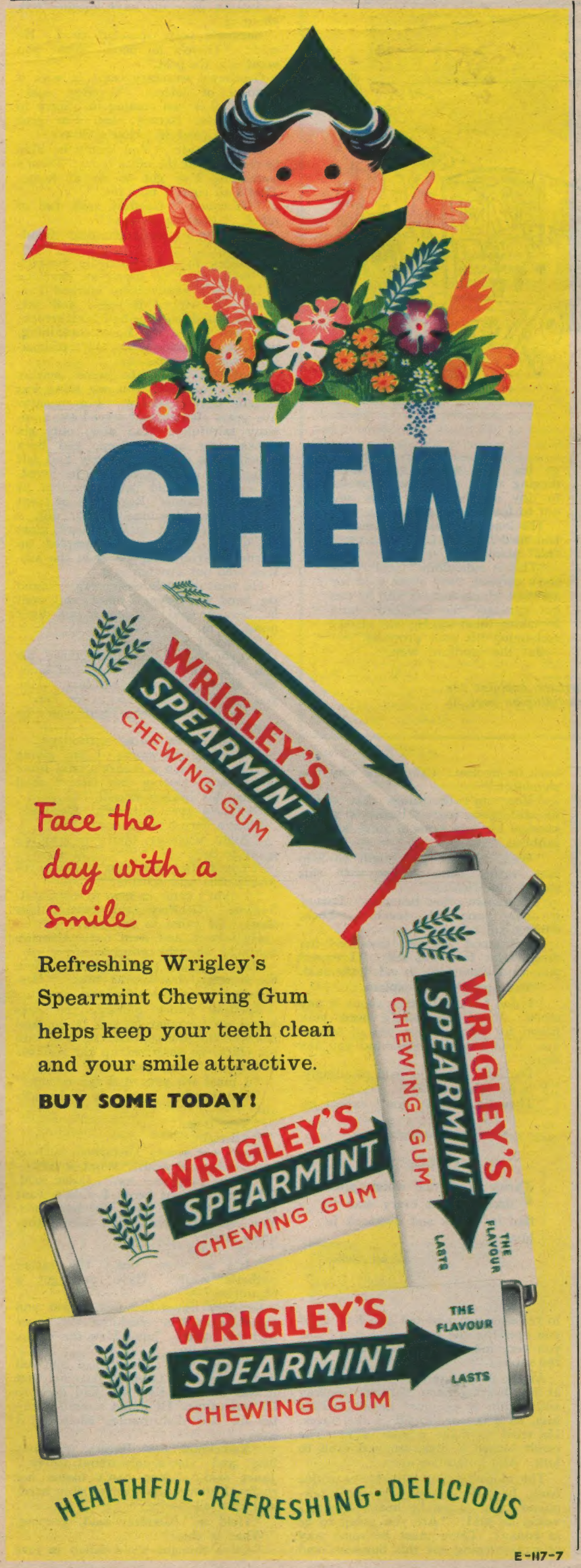
But the landlord won.

WHY? *A barrister explains the judge's ruling on page 30.*

PRIDE—5

Pride is a vice which pride itself inclines every man to find in others and overlook in himself.

Samuel Johnson



"It's running away all right now"

with someone else," Janet explained. "It was all very true and serious for her. She didn't get much happiness out of it though."

"When was this?"

"About six months ago, I think."

"I see." A series of weekly reports began to unroll in his mind like a cinema film, the figures falling, falling, from a point six months before.

"He was an army officer about her own age."

"Did they——?"

"No. Olive broke it off. She's a sincere sort of girl," Janet said thoughtfully, "and that must have been a difficult thing to do. She tried to hide everything from Barney and carry it all herself. But she just couldn't."

"So Barney sensed that something was wrong."

Janet nodded. "He thought their marriage was breaking up. She couldn't bring herself to tell him the truth. They were both nearly frantic with worry."

Geoffrey said: "How has this come out?"

"Barney went home this morning and told her that he'd resigned from the company. She thought it was because his work had gone to pieces. She thought it was because of her. She completely broke down and confessed. In the end she telephoned me and asked me to see you. Geoffrey, you're not going to accept that resignation, are you?"

Geoffrey said: "I've already burned it. The important thing is Barney and Olive. How did he take it?"

"Very well I think. He's very much in love with her, you know. He'll never ask you to withdraw his resignation."

"He'll hear no more about it."

Janet pressed his hands. "I'm glad you did that before I spoke to you." She smiled ruefully. "I don't know much about business affairs. I shouldn't have grumbled at you."

"Yes, you should," Geoffrey said quietly. "You were quite right. But I've stepped pretty far out of line. Too far, perhaps."

"Could you have done anything else?" Janet asked quietly.

"No."

"Then that's that," Janet said, smiling up at him.

She looked very lovely. He said: "If you'll have lunch with me, I'll hold your hand under the table. . . ."

Back in the office building, he went to Alverton's office in a mood of grim anticipation. Alverton looked up from the pile of documents he was studying, and took off his glasses.

"From the look on your face," he said drily, "you haven't come to welcome me back."

"I do, of course," Geoffrey said quickly, "but there's something else."

"It will perhaps save time if I tell you that Mr. Swayne has just left me."

They eyed each other in silence. Here ends the short and hectic career of the youngest director, thought Geoffrey. He said: "I must insist on one point. I had full responsibility for handling the Ferguson business my own way. Regardless of what happens to me, Ferguson's position must be secure."

"I see," Alverton said mildly. "You feel, I gather, that, in taking this decision, you may have jeopardized your own future?"

"It seems so."

"I am glad that you faced that possibility." Alverton ran a hand through his white hair. "You know," he said, "a board of directors who precisely resemble each other is no use at all to me. Each man must make his own contribution, and if he has to fight to put over his views, so much the better."

"I'm not quite sure what——"

"Swayne has many admirable qualities," Alverton said, "but an ability to handle men is not one of them. I quite approve of your action."

"But I thought it was your policy. . . ."

"Interpretation is the important thing," Alverton said. "Do you know," he went on, raising his eyebrows, "I think Barney Ferguson might have left me if this had been mishandled." He shook his head. "I couldn't have had that."

Geoffrey began to grin. "It's only fair to tell you there was a good deal of fumbling on my part."

"Never mind. You took the right road in the end."

Alverton was silent for a moment. Then he said: "There'll be a conference later in the day to study the results of my American trip. I think you had better warn your wife to be prepared for a change of scene. It looks quite hopeful over there." THE END

WHY?

See page 29

BECAUSE the judge held that although the plants were originally Johnson's property, having been bought with his own money, as soon as he put them in the landlord's land they became part of that land—and therefore the landlord's permanent property. The situation would have been different if Johnson had been a market gardener, a florist, or a seedsman, and had planted them as part of his trade.

(*This ruling is based on actual cases.*)

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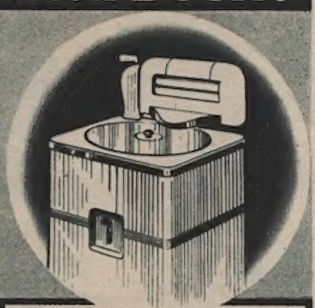

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THIS WAY TO £750 PRIZE

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list on right. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality. 2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators. 3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 6d. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /&Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated Sept. 7), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, August 24, for early news of Bullets No. 2,102 result.)

Where Britain Leads
Push-button Prosperity
On Wall Street
Government Of The People
The Stuff Of Greatness
Storm In The Kremlin
Afterwards
Pushing Out The Boat
Rich, Famous, Handsome
Place In The Sun
The Stork Called And
On The Last Lap
Ruined
Tap—Tap—Tap
In Jones's Caravan
Peppery Old Boy
A Dumb Animal
Strange As It Seems
Bit Of A Cabbage
To Swell The Harvest

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual.

Trade With.....
Not A Bad.....
We've Not Much....., But .....Traffic
Test Of.....
When The Big.....Meet

ADDRESS ENTRY: Bullets 2,102, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

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"BULLETS" No. 2,097—FIRST PRIZE, 8-in-1 "Own Your Home" Award—or £750: R. F. Wisternoff, 6 Kineton Road, Rubery, Birmingham:

Example: **Monument To Civilization**
Bullet: **Pyramid—Parthenon—Skyscraper—"Hole"!**

£50: G. Thornley, 38 Laughton Crescent, Ruffs Estate, Hucknall, Notts: THE WAY TO RUIN—COUNTRY—THROW "PAPER" ABOUT! £25: Miss A. Parkinson, 20 Back Commons, Clitheroe: THE CHANCES OF THINGS—BETTERING *Themselves*—NO BETTER! OTHER AWARDS: £10: B. R. Williams, 117 Beechdale Road, Aspley, Nottingham: WHAT WOMAN WANTS—SILKS—SATINS—NYLONS—"FLANNEL"! £9: J. Munro, 1 Benside, Laxdale, Isle of Lewis: THE PRICE OF THINGS—CLOUTING JOHN—OUTING MAC? £8: F. Smith, 175 Villiers Street, Preston, Lancs: EXTRA ENERGY—FOR PEACE—*Pylons* "MUSHROOMING." £7: W. M. Curtis, 9 Westgate, Keadby, Gainsborough: THE LIGHTS OF HOME—MAKE "RUSH" WORTH "CANDLE." £6: V. J. Wade, The New Inn, Newland, Sherborne, Dorset: BEFORE THE INTERPRETER CAME—IVAN VERSUS EVAN, EVEN! £5: P. H. Lisk, 19 Palmersfield Road, Banstead, Surrey: MONUMENT TO SOME—OLD NOBODY—OBSTRUCTING EVERYBODY! £5: A. S. Pattison, 43 Fines Road, Medomsley, Consett: RACE AGAINST TIME—PAINTING RUSSIAN STREET NAMES!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *Bullets Bulletin*. 100 "Double Six" Prizes and 1,500 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted.

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EXAMPLE ..... 6d. PER "BULLET"

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B .....

EX. .....

B .....

EX. .....

B .....

EX. .....

B .....

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EX. .....
B .....
EX. .....
B .....
EX. .....
B. .....

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2,102 Closing Postmark **MON. AUG. 12**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet or 3s. 6d. for complete coupon

P.O. value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

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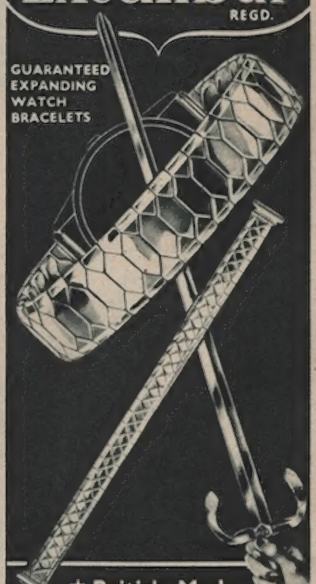

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